

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### THE . . . . FOURTH INTERNATIONAL ORNITHOLOGICAL CONGRESS.

THERE be some who are inclined to look askance at Congresses, regarding them as a snare and a delusion: an excuse for junketings, and a rallying-place for amateurs and dilettanti. We do not share these views; on the contrary, we feel sure that they perform a great service in bringing together workers who have hitherto known one another only by proxy, so to speak—through the medium of scientific journals, or by personal correspondence. Certainly this is true of the Fourth International Ornithological Congress, which has just finished its session in London. Canada, America, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Hungary, Holland, and Belgium were all represented; and besides these, workers from all parts of the British Islands were brought together to renew old friendships and to form new. This in itself is a good thing, but many came who brought able papers for the kindly criticism of those who, feeling diffident as to their own work, were content to become good listeners.

First of all we must refer to the address of the President, Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe. As this was of considerable length, he wisely refrained from reading it *in extenso*; instead, he gave a brief outline of its contents, which embraced two widely different topics—the birth and growth of the British Museum, with especial reference to the natural history department, and the question of geographical distribution, in so far as it concerns birds. The original collection in our State Museum contained some 1,100 specimens, not one of which now remained, for owing to the imperfect methods of preservation in vogue in those days, every single bird had fallen in pieces. From this small nucleus, Dr. Sharpe told us, the collection had steadily grown, till to-day it reached a number something over 400,000. This grand total, he pointed out, was the result largely of the generosity of private collectors, among whom the late Lord Tweeddale and Dr. F. P. Godman held foremost place. This address promises, when read in its entirety, to prove both extremely entertaining and a historical document of lasting importance. It is, we think, a matter for regret that more papers were not submitted on the work of museums with relation to ornithology. Dr. Dwight of New

York contributed two extremely interesting papers on peculiarly difficult subjects—"The Significance of Sequence in Moults and Plumages," and "Some Phases of Wear in Feathers." These are subjects which promise to yield a rich harvest to the patient investigator, yet in this country they have received but scant attention, though many of our commonest native birds illustrate some of the more remarkable exceptions to the general rule of moults and the phases of immature dress. How many, for example, of our field ornithologists could describe the phases of plumage which the gannet alone passes through before attaining maturity? Yet there are persons who often indulge in the cheap amusement of sneering at what they are pleased to call the "Closet naturalist"!

Mr. J. E. Bonhote gave an admirable summary of the experiments he is conducting on the hybridisation of ducks, illustrated by lantern slides. Though too complex for the majority of his hearers to follow, when presented with the facts in the necessarily rapid survey he was compelled to give, yet all agreed that these experiments had yielded very substantial results. It now remains for Mr. Bonhote to bring his work into line with the recently-conducted experiments in "Mendelism." Or rather, perhaps, we should say, it remains to be seen how far Mr. Bonhote's work will support Mendel's theory, about which we shall have something to say shortly. The present writer also endeavoured to show the importance of the study of nestling birds with regard to the question of the evolution of this group. Bird protection very properly came in for its share of attention. This very difficult problem was discussed from many points of view. Mr. Frank Lemon gave a lucid summary of the ridiculous anomalies to be found in our present systems of legislation in his paper on "The Rationale of Bird Protection," which gave rise to considerable discussion. The very last act of the Congress, indeed, was concerned with this question of protection, inasmuch as the whole Congress, just before being dismissed, passed a resolution that a telegram should be sent to the Commonwealth of Australia urging that the nefarious traffic in penguin oil should at once be stopped. Not only are the petrels and penguins of the Auckland and Macquarie Islands in danger of being exterminated, but it has come to light that they are being done to death under circumstances of the most devilish cruelty, of a nature that seems too horrible to record in cold print. It is to be hoped that speedy measures will be taken to remedy the evil. For the first time, we believe, in the history of the Ornithological Congress "Aviculture" found a place in its deliberations, Mr. D. Seth Smith reading a most useful and instructive paper on "The Importance of Aviculture as an Aid to the Study of Ornithology." This was undoubtedly a valuable contribution to a most neglected subject. We are, indeed, thanks to the labours of a few ornithologists in this country, such as Mr. Seth Smith himself, Mr. Bonhote, Mr. Meade Waldo, and Drs. Butler and Creswell, slowly beginning to realise how much is to be learned by a careful study of birds in captivity. But, perhaps, the great feature of the Congress was the lecture by the Hon. Walter Rothschild on "Extinct and Vanishing Birds." This will long be remembered as a masterly exposition of a very difficult subject, illustrated in a manner absolutely unique in the history of ornithology. To hear this lecture the whole Congress was conveyed, by the generosity of Mr. Rothschild, by special train to his museum at Tring Park. Here, in a large hall, were gathered together a vast collection of birds either already extinct or on the way to become so, and these were inspected at the conclusion of the lecture. Among the more remarkable of these exhibits were skeletons of the *Dinornis* and *Cepyornis*, and stuffed examples of the rare Labrador duck, the black emu, and the starling of Reunion (*Fregilupus*), both of which have become extinct within recent times. The disappearance of the Labrador duck is involved in mystery. A few years ago it was a common bird in the American markets—so common that, of the few specimens preserved in the American Museum of Natural History, only one was obtained from a source other than this. Suddenly the market supply ceased, and enquiry showed that this fact was due to the very good and sufficient reason that there were no more Labrador ducks to be had! Of the dwarf black emu only two skins are known. The Californian condor and the ivory-billed woodpecker and laughing owl (*Sceloglaux*) were also represented here. If these birds have not ceased to exist, they are very near their end. The number of birds in danger of extermination is unfortunately a large one, and this was brought home with a painful suddenness by the specimens displayed here.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Margaret Irby, daughter of the late Colonel Howard and Mrs. Irby. Miss Irby is engaged to be married to Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., of Mohill Castle, Leitrim, who is at present serving in the 2nd Life Guards.



IT is not possible to read an utterance of the Czar of Russia without feeling as if one had been listening to a voice from the Middle Ages—a voice sounding in a world where all else had grown discordant with it. "My will is the sovereign and unalterable will," he says with sublime egotism, to the deputation which waited on him to ask that a national assembly should be called. Yet in his condescension he is willing that this wish of the people, which has been carried out in every other civilised country, "the admission," he goes on to say, "of elected representatives to the works of the State will be regularly accomplished," and he was good enough to add "I watch every day and devote myself to this work." The Czar, as a matter of fact, is something in the nature of a puzzle to Christendom. At times he has shown himself capable of the most generous impulses, and has almost seemed a fitted potentate to lead a humanitarian crusade in Europe, but at other times the traditions of his office seem to overwhelm him, and he is unable to conceive of any limitation to his power. One would have thought that the experience gained during the war with Japan would have opened his eyes and those of his great officers of State. If these events do not succeed in producing such an effect just now, it may be taken for certain that they will accomplish something of the kind in the next generation. Russians of the future could not possibly grow up in the old childish belief in the omnipotence of the Czar and the untarnished superiority of the Russian arms.

The question above all others that has beaten scientific enquiry is that of the origin of life. Over and over again philosophers seem to be on the point of discovering it, only to find that they had been on the wrong tack, and that their labours had all to be begun over again. Of late there have been three possible theories. One was that life was a supernatural gift to the world, the objection to it being not that the supernatural was impossible, but that the divine force which ruled the world had in every other way worked by natural and intelligible means. The second theory was that of spontaneous generation, it being held that as the earth cooled it would gradually approach the condition in which life would come naturally. The objection to this was that chemistry, or science of any kind, had been unable to reproduce such conditions of heat and moisture as would lead to the appearance of the phenomenon of life. The third view, which was accepted by Lord Kelvin, was that life had been accidentally carried to this planet by some meteorite—a theory equally incapable of proof or disproof. This, roughly speaking, was the condition of the controversy with which the names of Tyndall, Huxley, Pasteur, Weismann, and others are inseparably associated.

Only the other day, however, a newspaper came out with the startling announcement—not conveyed in a casual paragraph, but in several columns of matter—that the origin of life had been actually discovered, sub-headings to the main title being "Momentous Discovery by an English Scientist" and "Spontaneous Generation." On examining the grounds on which this remarkable statement was made the enquirer was bound to be a little disappointed. It appears that Mr. John Butler Burke has been for some time engaged in experiments at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, and that by means of radium and sterilised bouillon placed together in a test tube he has succeeded in getting cultures "which present many of the appearances of vitality, such as growth and subdivision." We are afraid that the journalists who are responsible for this statement have exaggerated the position taken up by Mr. Burke himself, who, although he has obtained

some remarkable results, does not draw such a very sweeping inference from them. In his own words, he says, "What has been done has suggested vitality. I do not put it higher than that." His idea is that from the point which has now been reached workers in the future may carry on the investigations, and may at some time—it may be a century or it may be thousands of years hence—find out the secret of how life came to the earth. It is a modest hope not by any means impossible of fulfilment, and it has the advantage of opening up a long vista to scientific investigators, at the end of which they may in imagination see the solution of the greatest mystery that exists at the present moment. But to go further than this would be rash indeed.

#### ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

The grey-green seas, the winds that blow  
On misty cliffs and silted sand,  
The English coast-line, bleak and low,  
We quitted for a southern land.  
For large white caps, straw-filled sabots,  
Where blue seas break on a Breton strand;  
For moated towns, and old chateaux  
That over gleaming rivers stand.  
For fishing fleets, the argosies  
Of village wealth, that come and go,  
Brown-sailed, before the sunset breeze;  
For ox teams, pacing soft and slow.  
And if you ask me which should please  
The better, truth I scarce do know,  
The misty cliffs, the grey-green seas,  
Or foreign streets and old chateaux.

G. M. G.

Mr. Rider Haggard's report on the Salvation Army colonies in the United States is a document of the utmost importance to all who have the welfare of the country at heart. It will be remembered that the well-known novelist, who is also an acknowledged expert on the land question, was commissioned by Mr. Lyttelton on January 21st to "Report on the Salvation Army colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with Scheme of National Land Settlement." Before saying anything about Mr. Haggard's recommendations it may be as well to glance for a moment at his diagnosis of the disease which the State has attempted to cure. He has a dislike, almost amounting to horror, of the great towns that have swollen so enormously during the last quarter of a century. The poverty, sickness, and vices rampant in urban communities have impressed themselves indelibly on his mind. Corresponding with the aversion with which they filled him is his recognition of the fact that the English rural labourers are constantly migrating to towns. The reason he gives for this is that in a majority of cases village-born folk come to cities, and in many instances remain in them because they can find no opportunity to succeed upon the land.

In all this the commissioner is animated by the very sentiment that animated Sir Thomas Bernard and Mr. Willerforce when, in the last half of the eighteenth century, they advocated the principle of allotments on the ground laid down by a witness before the House of Commons that "It keeps the cottagers buoyant and makes them industrious." Mr. Haggard's point, if we understand him rightly, is that the conditions of the present day render the cottager hopeless and despairing. He sees no outlet on the land, and therefore is ever ready to seize the first occasion to go to the city. In this, no doubt, there is a certain amount of truth, and on it is founded the desire for the creation of the small holdings and the multiplication of the allotments in Great Britain. But it is not an exhaustive statement. Owing to the modern education which is given not only by schools, but by facilities for cheap travel, the rustic has become much more intolerant of dulness than were his predecessors, and it is useless to deny that there are many thousands of them who would see no allurements in the country whatsoever the economic conditions might be. There is, however, a residue who would gladly escape from the sordid struggle of the towns, and it is for their benefit that Mr. Rider Haggard has outlined a scheme which we hope will find favour with the English people and their Government, as it has already received acceptance from President Roosevelt in the United States and from Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

This is a scheme for the emigration and establishment of the English indigent poor in our Colonies. As far as Canada is concerned it is evident that the utmost facilities will be afforded. The experiment has this in its favour, that on the whole it has proved a success in the United States, where three land colonies have been established by the Salvation Army, one at Fort Romie in California, one at Fort Amity in Colorado, and the third at Fort Herrick in Ohio. Mr. Haggard does not conceal the fact that certain mistakes have been made, as was inevitably to be expected, but he sees no reason for a



repetition of these if, with the benefit of the United States' experiment behind us, we should try the same thing in Canada. The slight financial drawback has been overcome, and at Fort Amity emigrants are flourishing now who were in indigence a few years ago. Mr. Haggard also states that the experiments "demonstrate in the case of Fort Romie that indigent people of the agricultural labouring class can be settled upon land and there do well, and in the case of Fort Amity that such persons can even be taken there at once and yet prosper."

Thus the ground would seem to be cleared for the commencement of the plan which Mr. Rider Haggard advocates. It should be mentioned that he puts it forward as a suggestion, and that it will no doubt be modified on examination and discussion. Indeed, the matter will require much closer investigation than he has yet been able to give it, as success will depend upon elements which are still undefinable. One of them is the situation of the land which the Canadian Government is willing to grant, and dependent upon this will be the cost of transportation from Great Britain to it. Then the price to be paid will have to be taken into account, and also the attitude of the municipalities, from whom Mr. Rider Haggard seems to expect a grant per head for carrying out the scheme. He would not confine its operation to Canada, or to any one colony, but is equally warm in his recommendation of Rhodesia and South Africa generally. As he farmed in that part of the world himself, and has a knowledge of the conditions that is almost unique, his recommendation in this respect is most valuable. But, as we have already hinted, the scheme will require to be put into concrete terms and placed before Parliament as a Bill to be debated by practical men before it can assume a workable shape. This we say in full recognition of the excellent work that has been accomplished by Mr. Rider Haggard. The country is very greatly indebted to him for the energy and business-like aptitude with which he has attacked this question and placed it so clearly before the British public.

Lord Westbury, speaking from the chair at the annual meeting of the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association, dwelt largely on the necessity of better legislation in the interest of the game preserver, and stated that the association was in communication with the Home Office with a view to the amendment of the law in this respect. The association works with the Game Egg Guild in strenuous effort to prevent the sale of stolen eggs, but the stealing is often difficult to prove. In a case, not mentioned at the meeting, of an offender recently caught with a large number of eggs in his cart, his defence was that all were taken from his own land; and though the statement implied an abnormal prodigality in laying of the partridges it was a difficult defence to rebut. We mention this as indicative of the trouble of getting convictions against clever offenders. It is well known that English eggs are sometimes transported across the Channel and reshipped to be sold as foreign eggs. That more extended right of search into consignments of eggs and game should be given the police is one of the desirable amendments to which the association is turning its attention.

The brook garden, or pond garden, through which the waters of the Serpentine run before they disappear underground on their way to the Buckingham Palace lake, is the prettiest and freshest piece of outdoor scenery in London at the present moment. The heavy rains have freshened up the water, and have done no harm to the fine water-side plants, whose tall stems and bold leaves and flowers fringe the margin, while the slope of turf behind is like bright green velvet, only greener. There is a cascade at the top, and all the length of the pool is in gentle motion; but that does not prevent a generous growth of water-weeds, especially duckweed, and green confervæ, such as gold-fish and other carp and little wild ducks and young water-hens love. Water-lilies abound there, too, and by the banks grow clumps of Osmunda fern and yellow iris, and giant hemlock, foxglove, and campanula, while at the back are bushes of wild rose.

On the waters within this fresh and beautiful setting are several broods of young wildfowl of different growths, which may be watched on their native element behaving as confidently as if on the remotest Norfolk mere. A mother wild duck, with a family of ten ducklings only a few weeks old, has evidently not quite lost her misgivings that they can be too much in evidence. As a rule she sets a good example by coasting along near the bank, under the tunnel made by drooping Osmunda and giant leaves of hemlocks and butter-burrs. But the tiny flock of downy infants are so intent on foraging and so active that they dash out in all directions over the water, catching flies and dabbling in the weeds. A water-lily leaf often serves them in place of a raft, on which they stand and preen their down, for not one has a feather. At least two broods of little black water-hens, also still covered with down, are to be seen, and it is said

that some dabchicks are also there. The water-hens do not keep together like the ducklings, but scatter over the pool, where they feed and dive independently. The old birds are so tame that they even settle down to wash their feathers in public. On Monday last a young turtle-dove was flying round the pool. Possibly another such garden might be made near the old spring below Kensington Palace.

Midsummer is by far the best time of year for finding the various kinds of wild orchis, which are as quaint and beautiful in their way as any of the exotic species. They are chiefly to be found in hayfields and among the short natural hay crop of the hills and downs, especially on a chalk or limestone soil. But some of them, like the fantastic butterfly, prefer a shady though open woodland, and the curious fleshy Bird's-nest grows on the bare earth under beeches. The sweetest-scented species are the butterfly and the graceful purple fragrant orchis, the latter being found in hayfields, often in company with the queer green frog. But chalk downs are the best place of all, and very many of the most distinctive, as well as the rarest, species are to be found among their late June flora. They range from the pyramidal, with its stiff Dutch growth, to the beautiful bee, which so remarkably resembles a spike of pink star-like blossoms with a brown bumble-bee settled upon each. It was the bee orchis which drew from Darwin the wish that he could live for a few thousand years in order to see whether, as he believed likely, the flower would eventually die out. For the blossoms are self-fertilised, instead of being cross-fertilised by insects, which method of reproduction has been proved by the great majority of kindred species to be the most successful method in the struggle for existence.

#### CAMBRIDGE.

There is a city growing very old,  
Yet always full of voices very young  
A city whose grey glories are wide-flung  
Against a sky all silver, blue and gold.  
Not half this city's history is told,  
Not half her pride and beauty have been sung—  
The river, by its silver spans o'erhung,  
Knows more than speech or writing can unfold.  
The noisy clamours beat against her peace,  
But cannot break it; it is held too dear  
By hearts across the desert and the deep;  
And when the careless voices lightly cease,  
Beneath the Gate of Honour one can hear  
The dusty centuries whisper in their sleep.

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

We are now in a position to form a fairly accurate estimate of the fruit crop of the year, and it is matter for regret that nothing but a low one is possible. The extreme cold in the early part of spring, followed as it was by the drought, that brought with it heat by day and a chill at night, have proved inimical to most kinds of English fruit, while the rain arrived somewhat too late to remedy the defect. That favourite fruit the strawberry has perhaps suffered less than others, though, if we are to judge by the prices obtained for the first large consignments from Kent to Covent Garden Market, it does not promise to be cheap this year. The early gooseberries and other bush products, both in quality and in quantity, are rather below the average. If we take the fruit-growing counties in detail we shall find these general conclusions admirably borne out. In Kent the strawberries are plentiful, but they are the only fairly good crop. Almost the same report comes from Hampshire. In Herefordshire, the great cider county, apples are going to be scarce, and plums are below the average, while nearly all the bush fruits are poor. In Cambridgeshire not more than a half crop is promised, and here, as in other parts of East Anglia, the London population of fruit-pickers appears likely to lose its employment this year, though the railway companies had made arrangements to run special trains from the large towns in the neighbourhood, so that there would be no need to accommodate the casual labour as usual. In Worcestershire plums are expected to be a short crop, and plums, we need scarcely say, are the speciality of that county. Apples and pears in Somersetshire were very much injured by the early frosts, but the smaller fruits have done very much better than in some of the other counties. From Scotland we hear very bad reports, cold and drought having practically ruined the crop.

The experiment of opening for some hours on Sunday the New Art Galleries at Glasgow has now had two Sabbath days' trials, and it appears that the really rather courageous step of the Town Council is assured of popular favour. It may be said that the direction of the wind of popular opinion in this regard had been already tested by taking a plebiscite of the municipality, but some ultra-Conservatives ventured to express much doubt whether it represented correctly the feeling of the town. Even at



the first opening, however, the gallery quickly became filled by an appreciative assembly, and the second Sabbath opening proved that the novelty was not the only attraction. This Sunday opening is in very large measure due to the efforts, continued for the last quarter of a century and only now crowned with success, of a society instituted in Glasgow with this special object. It is not at all wonderful that it met with much opposition, and, indeed, the surprise perhaps is rather that in a city where the Sabbath is observed with so great a strictness, a majority should favour the opening of the galleries. It is a sign of the times at which the liberal-minded will rejoice, for even those of the strictest sect must admit that some hours of the best of days may be spent in worse places than picture galleries.

Lord Roberts has made an appeal, through the columns of a contemporary, for some form of compulsory national education in

rifle-shooting, and amongst other interesting letters that it has elicited is one from Sir A. Conan Doyle, which has, with other merits, that of making a practical suggestion as to a way in which the result might be attained without hurting the sensibilities of those who may be tempted to see in the proposal the first germs of compulsory service. After giving high testimony, from personal experience, to the value of training at miniature rifle ranges, Sir A. Conan Doyle goes on to propose the virtual reinstitution of the parish "butts," in form of a miniature rifle range, which it shall be legally compulsory on each parish council to establish for its own parishioners, and puts forward the further tentative suggestion that it shall be made compulsory for each adult to practise at the butts with the 200 rounds a head which he proposes shall be provided at the public cost. This, as he justly says, "is surely the very smallest demand that any country in Europe makes on its citizens."

## UNWRITTEN COUNTRY MEMORIALS.

ANYONE who is very familiar with the country-side must have noticed a thousand things that are not written down in any guide-book or history, but which seem to give suggestive hints of the previous generations who inhabited the districts. For example, there is a river in the North with which the writer is very familiar, and at one point in it, on a fine summer day when the water is clear, may be seen a row of great stones stretching from one bank to the other, showing certainly that it was once upon a time crossed by a bridge; yet no memorial of the structure has been discovered, although on the further bank of the stream there is still in the midst of a grass field an avenue of elms leading to the ruins of an ancient castle, which shows that at one time there must have been a high-road from the river. Yet every vestige of it on the hither side has disappeared. The ground has been dug up in search of some traces of the foundations of a road, but nothing has been discovered. It is as though the avenue led simply to the river and across the bridge and everything ended. Of course it did not end there. Probably there was some rough track leading to the great Roman road, the nearest point of which is only a couple of miles away. On the same stream there are at frequent intervals bits of wall that evidently belonged to old mills; yet the mills have all been destroyed, and nothing is left to tell the tale. One especially is approachable only by a bridle-path, and must have been in use at the time when it was customary to convey corn to the mill on horseback. It could not have been of much use later, because the bank of the river at that place is so wild and rocky that we cannot imagine that carts ever got near it. Here, then, we have evidences of activity that has long given place to stillness. Here, no doubt, in bygone ages, the miller in his dusty white clothes received the corn from the various small holders who lived in the neighbourhood, and took for his payment the multure or moutter, as it was locally called, which in some cases was what the Scotch call a "gowpen," or as much as he could hold in his hand, and this reminds us of the many evidences to be found of the tiny steadings that once were scattered all over the country: little houses with a stable and a byre attached, set in the midst of a piece of land or a garden, where successive yeomen sowed and reaped and harvested, mended their roofs and drained their fields till, in the words of an epitaph that was copied by Bewick, "Good times, bad times, and all times were got over." Even the last remnant of the walls of these houses has, in nearly every case, now disappeared, and only a snowdrop or a crocus coming out in spring tells where the garden once was. But often in deep ploughing or digging, the husbandman will strike what were the foundations of the house, and a little investigation is then sufficient to show what the old place was like. Many thousands of these holdings must have disappeared during the last 100 years—practically speaking, as soon as the Enclosure Acts were passed and that right of free pasture which made living possible for them was forfeited. It is very curious, for in

several of these houses, now vanished, people of consequence died, and their names are to be found in histories, though only the locality where they lived can be given. These evidences point to the fact that a much greater population used to subsist in the villages than they are now capable of supporting, and this is fully borne out by the amount of church accommodation, which has evidently been provided on a scale that would seem extravagant



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WILLOWS BY THE WATER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the inhabitants to-day. Here and there, too, we come across the ruins of a church in the country that has been wholly disused. One small structure of this kind we know of in Gloucestershire, where in summer the churchyard and all that surrounds it are smothered by weeds bearing brilliant flowers and almost as high as a man's waist. Only in winter can you see mouldering heaps where the rustics of long ago were buried. The roof of the church has fallen in, and only the bare walls remain to tell where the House of God once resounded every Sunday to the voices of the choir and the musical instruments of the land. These memorials, however, are so bold and strong that none could mistake them. There are others which it requires far more skill and care to read. For example, we take such common objects of the country as trees. Frequently the owner of a house will take a visitor into his grounds, and show with pride some uncommonly tall and stately oak that is the glory of the estate. He may attribute its uncommon height and size to the goodness of his land, or to some other cause of the same kind. But in forestry we know for certain, first, that if a tree is left to grow by itself it tends to make a short stem and a great broad spherical head; second, that if crowded by other trees which shut out the sun, it will climb upward towards the light, and thus form a long straight stem. Therefore, the existence of such a tree standing by itself affords proof positive that at one time it was part of a woodland, which was probably cut down to facilitate some builders' operations. The existence of pollarded trees in many of our forests points to one of two things in the past. Either those who possessed the rights of common were entitled to lop the trees for firewood, or the place was the haunt of predatory gipsies, who were in the habit of maiming the trees in order to make fuel for their tents. We see sometimes, too, proofs of old systems of forestry. One of these was in use with beeches, and it was to cut down the trees at intervals and leave only one or two mother trees, from whose produce sprung up seedlings which reforested the land again. Of course this practice is against all that modern forestry teaches, but in some cases the mother trees have been left to show what used to be done in former times. Trees, again, often grew in places where we should not naturally expect them, as where rows of them are to be found across a meadow. These point unmistakably to the

fact that at the place where they are there must have been a boundary fence, and the discovery of this has more than once proved useful in cases of litigation. And this brings us to another branch of the subject—namely, the many curious remains that exist to show where roadways were that have long been disused. Sometimes they now take the form of a long, narrow meadow, and the little blades of grass, which conquer all things if they have time, have destroyed all vestige of the road-maker's art, and left the place like a meadow, though the hedges on either side, the stiles at the end, and the right of way through the narrow field point an unerring finger to a time when it was one of the common high roads of the country. Some of these highways were no doubt deliberately put aside in favour of more direct or more even tracks, but some have passed into oblivion from mere disuse, and in the latter class we place the famous tracks and roads of the Romans and ancient Britons, such as that beautiful road which still traverses the Berkshire Downs, leading all the way from Bristol to Reading. Along these the early Briton probably passed in his war chariot, and fat bees were driven for the Roman soldiery, while Dane and Saxon and Norman made use of them later, because in those old times, when drainage was scarcely known, the crests of the hills provided a dry foothold. Our early forefathers, by the way, seem to have had a romantic interest in the summits of the high hills, for on so many of them are to be found great cairns or piles of stones that must have been gathered and put into position in days of yore. Indeed, in the majority of cases, some practical purpose was served, such as that of providing a place for a beacon or a signalling station, while it is just possible that high and remote places of this kind were chosen of old by Druid priests for their places of worship. That was very likely to be the case when the legions of Rome had obtained the supremacy, and the ancient inhabitants of this country were

only allowed on sufferance. We find it difficult, even with all the discoveries of recent times, to realise for how many generations the Romans made of England a place of residence. Yet, if we take such a place as Chedworth Villa in Gloucestershire we can find curious proof of the length of their stay. It is a very perfect example of a Roman villa, and contains, amongst other things, a complete bath, the stone leading down to which is deeply worn by the tread of bare feet.



S. Vacher.

A SUNKEN ROAD.

Copyright





F. W. Jackson.

A QUIET STREAM.

Copyright



R. Stockdale.

FOREST TREES.

Copyright

How many generations must have bathed there before the stone could be worn away! and there is something of pathos and romance in the reflection that for several hundreds of years the place was buried by the grains of sand and blades of grass. It was only discovered accidentally during the last century, owing to the fact that a man who was ferreting rabbits lost his ferret, and in digging came across the stones of this unique building. And if we take life after the Roman period in Great Britain, it is most interesting to study the country memorials of that Feudal System which was established later. We find traces of it in the very names which prevail in some districts. Northfield and Eastfield, and Waste and Common—these, and many others, are terms of frequent use in the manorial system, and where they are in existence the observer may soon trace out for himself the evidences of Outfield and Infield, and the other arrangements of the time. He can identify them with the more certainty because the system endured in many places to a very late date indeed, and near to London land is still cultivated on it, so that the living present may be compared with the memorials of the past, and a mental picture formed of the rural England which has passed away.

The previous history of agriculture can, to a great extent, be deciphered from a study of the land. We take, for instance,

time of the great wheat fever. These were the days, too, when the great tithe-barns, of which we have often shown photographs in these pages, were in full use; but, which, after the Commutation Act was passed, in 1837, began to be devoted to other purposes, and the barn of to-day does not in the slightest degree resemble that of our forefathers, any more than the home teads built in the twentieth century resemble those which were scattered over England when the stage-coaches were running. Travellers tell us that the little steadings were nearly all thatched, and very different they must have looked. But the enclosure of the commons rendered the life of the small farmer unendurable, and the tiny holdings gradually lapsed into the great estates.

It is a great jump from the hilltop to the seaside, but in various parts of the country memorials of a state of things which has long ceased to prevail are still existing. The enormous caves will serve as an example. A considerable proportion of them are natural, and were utilised just as they stood; but those who were engaged in the exciting business of defrauding the revenue often found it to their interest to devote a great deal of time and labour to the widening, extending, and improving of these caves. In one place that we know of, on the coast of Berwickshire, a passage has been excavated through the solid rock into a maze of caves, where the smuggler used to ply



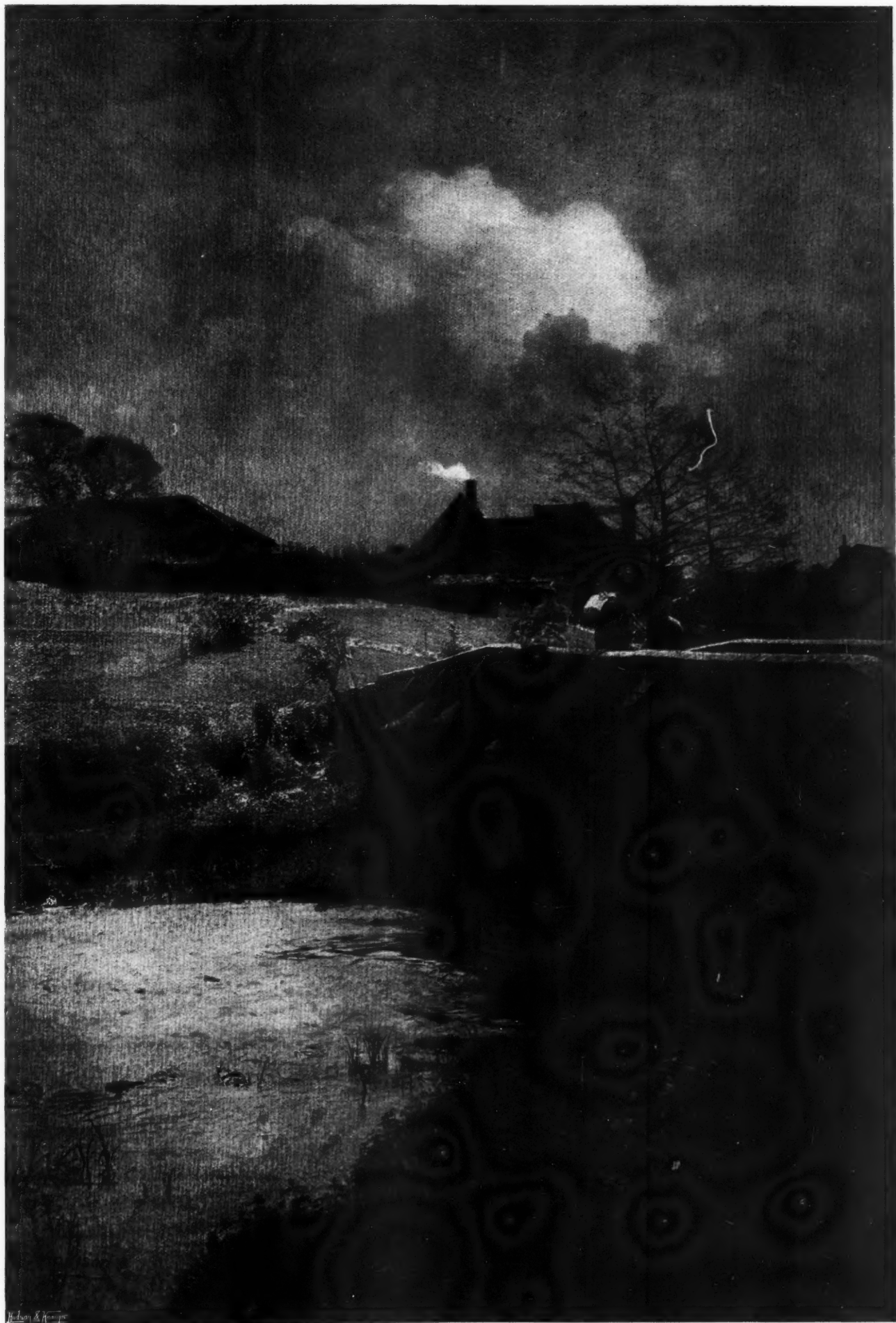
THE BARTON BY THE RIVER.

the furrow marks that still can be seen on what has long relapsed into wild downland, which the farmer of to-day would no more think of ploughing than of attempting to fly to the moon. The length of time that furrow marks will endure has long been a subject of controversy. There are parts of Salisbury Plain which still show furrows, and which are said not to have been ploughed for at least a thousand years. But we do not need to go so far into antiquity to account for the furrows on downs. Most of them were made during the Peninsular War, when the prices of cereals were extraordinarily high, and a kind of wheat fever seized upon the estate-owners and farmers of Great Britain. In those days they cultivated every bit of land which could possibly be utilised for the growing of wheat, and the waste was stubbed, the marsh drained, and the very hilltops ploughed to increase the acreage of that crop. After a time, of course, the inflated prices went down, and on account of the small harvests obtainable from these places which had been hastily reclaimed it was not found profitable to go to the expense of tilling them, so that gradually and quietly the land relapsed once more into mere waste and moorland, and some of it into permanent pasture. But the furrows remain to this day to show those who can read it in them the story of the

his trade during the last century. Tradition says that the kegs of spirit, when a descent was made by the revenue officers, were very often carried out to sea and sunk, with a small float to locate them, so that apprehension was almost impossible. We remember once while walking on the Ochil Hills in the South of Scotland coming across a rabbit-hole, the sides of which were covered with soot like a chimney. On investigation this proved to be the outlet to a secret still where whisky had been illicitly manufactured, and sold in secret to the rustics.

Such are a few brief hints as to the records of the past that may be read by observant eyes in rural England. But it should not be forgotten that every district has its own peculiar history, and what is true of one place need not necessarily be true of another. What we are sure of, however, is that many and diverse have been the generations that have lived and passed over English land, and finally gone down to the dust. It is a pathetic task to try to bring them back to life again by force of the imagination, yet nothing could possibly be more interesting, even though it carries with it the mournful reflection that in a little time we, too, who with curious eyes look before and after, will follow our fathers and take our place in that oblivion which is the ultimate lot of us all.





B. C. Wickison.

NATURE'S WRITING.

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## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FOR some little time past there has been a considerable amount of chatter in the newspapers about what is called the simple life. Not everyone who reads is aware that the cry is one which has been reiterated from time to time since ever the civilisation of man came into history. The hermits and recluses of the Early and Middle Ages, by their action, offered a silent protest against the complexity and the luxuries of the life of their times; and religious teachers of various forms of thought have again and again formulated doctrines enjoining simplicity on their followers. Towards the middle of the last century there was a very notable development of this taste for simplicity. It found remarkable expression in the philanthropists who started a colony in America where every man was supposed to do his own work and lead a simple and uncomplicated life. Even the highest intellects of the time were infected by enthusiasm over this idea. At one period Thomas Carlyle and Froude meditated a project for carrying an axe to the backwoods of America and living as working men. Ruskin gave fantastic expression to the same notion when he induced the Oxford undergraduates to go out road-making. Of those who have preached the doctrine of simplicity with most success it is undoubted that Thoreau takes the first place, and he was not only a preacher, but a practiser of his own teachings, and in the woods of Walden did really lead a simple life. Whether it was altogether good or not is, however, a matter of dispute. Robert Lewis Stevenson, who can scarcely be called an unsympathetic student of Thoreau, came to the conclusion that he was a skulker, that is, one who shirked the hard fight of the world. For it is very often forgotten that, after all, simplicity is not an object in itself. Living is the real object, simplicity only the method. This consideration does not seem to have been present in the mind of Mr. Charles Wagner, whose book, *The Simple Life* (Isbister and Co.), is responsible for much of the present discussion. He is an Alsatian who is described as a shepherd from the hill country, his birthplace being a hamlet of the Vosges, between the rich fields of Burgundy and the fertile plains of Lorraine. But we are less concerned with the man himself than with the form of doctrine he sets forth, and while by no means agreeing fully with what he says, we readily admit that much is worthy of the closest attention. The real difficulty is to separate the practicable from the impracticable. There is scarcely one man in 10,000 who would not readily admit, if put to the question, that modern life is too complex, that is to say, he would admit it in an abstract and general manner. But if the enquirer took the individual and particular life, and suggested changes that might be made in it, he would probably meet with a very different response. Mr. Wagner begins his sermons by a dissertation on what he calls "The Essence of Simplicity," and rightly enough says "Simplicity is a state of mind." For our own part, we hold that simplicity, if it does not depend upon clearness, is closely associated with that quality. As soon as anything can be seen lucidly it can also be dealt with simply. But suppose we apply this axiom to thought, we at once find ourselves confronted by complications. Our author says, "Have confidence and hope; be kind," but the difficulty arises when we ask, as ask we must, in what shall we have confidence, wherein lies our hope, what result will be achieved by kindness? These are the considerations that set a man brooding over the mysteries of existence, and complicate his thinking in spite of himself, and to preach to such an one simplicity seems to us a vain and useless thing. His thinking does not depend on his will, but on his mind. No one can will to think that six and four make eleven; his mind would say ten, despite his will, and so it is with the innumerable facts that face us in existence. The mind arrives at a conclusion in regard to them by its own action, and no exercise of will-power on our part can possibly make the slightest difference. Simplicity of speech must, to a large extent, depend on lucidity of thought. Expression is really dependent, for the most part, upon mastery. A problem that has been thoroughly mastered can generally be stated in simple terms; it is while we are groping in the midst of difficulties that we are tempted to fall into complexity of speech, and few will agree with our author that habits of public and private speech and writing are tending to exaggeration. On the contrary, in every department of life, whatever is pompous and ceremonious is repugnant to the modern temperament, and so far as speech goes, we are undoubtedly progressing towards simplicity.

Occasionally the author only repeats at greater lengths truths that were thundered out by Carlyle, as in the following instance. The passage we quote might be taken as a kind of paraphrase of the well-known saying of Carlyle: "Do that duty which lies nearest to thee; the second will become nearer doabler":

"Again, the plain duty is the near duty. A very common weakness keeps many people from finding what is near them interesting; they see that only on its paltry side. The distant, on the contrary, draws and fascinates them. In this way a fabulous amount of goodwill is wasted. People burn with ardour for humanity, for the public good, for righting distant wrongs;

they walk through life, their eyes fixed on marvellous sights along the horizon, treading meanwhile on the feet of passers-by, or jostling them without being aware of their existence."

We come to something more practical when we approach the question of eating, sleeping, drinking, and clothing. Mr. Wagner speaks from a high mountain-top as it were; but suppose he were to descend, it would be found that he can address his fellows with much common-sense and persuasion. Over-eating as much as, and perhaps even more than, over-drinking is a frequent cause of misery, and to put it on no higher ground, the material happiness of many of us would be increased if we resolved to confine our food to certain plain and simple dishes—of that there can scarcely be any doubt. So in regard to sleep. There is no luxury that gives satisfaction and pleasure equal to a sound sleep, yet anyone who overdoes it will soon find that the bitterest hours are those he spends in bed. It is more rational to take only the amount of sleep required, and to prepare the body for it by a moderate diet and wholesome exercise. There can be no disagreement with our author when he writes as follows:

"He who lives to eat, drink, sleep, dress, take his walk—in short, pamper himself all that he can—be it the courtier basking in the sun, the drunken labourer, the commoner serving his belly, the woman absorbed in her toilettes, the profligate of low estate or high, or simply the ordinary pleasure-lover, a 'good fellow,' but too obedient to material needs—that man or woman is on the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal."

With his declamation against the mercenary spirit of the age we are always in agreement, though he leaves out of consideration that the love of doing good work—the spirit of the artist—is the counterbalance to this evil. It is not good that a man should do work merely for money, though when he does work for love of it it is only just that he should obtain a due reward. And in regard to notoriety and subjects of that kind, the only objection we can take to Mr. Wagner is that he deals somewhat strenuously with the obvious. Few intelligent human beings would attempt to defend the love of notoriety.

## THE WYE IN MAY.

THE valley of the Wye and the forest of Dean are quite at their loveliest now, for the trees are just in their first beauty. The oaks and the elms are not in their full foliage yet, but who can describe the tender tint of the yellow and green of the half-unfolded leaves, only partly veiling the mossy and gnarled trunks? Under the Wyndcliff and along all the wooded curves of the Wye the delicate sheeny foliage of the beeches shines out against the background of dark fir. Here and there a copper beech glows rich in the May sunshine. In a few days the chestnuts will be holding up their snowy fingers. The wild cherries have not yet dropped all their bloom, and in the orchards of great houses and in the humbler gardens the apple and pear trees show a wealth of white and pink.

Old May Day could be a very feast of flowers. Park and field are yellow with cowslips and buttercups, wood and holt gay with bluebells and anemones, the hedgerow banks full of primroses, ragged robin, herb-robert, and wild onion, which, if malodorous, is yet sweet to look at, and the luxuriant wallflowers brightly decorate the grey stones of many a castle ruin and church wall.

From Hereford to Chepstow the world seems full of cuckoos, that answer one another from field to field, the deep trill of the nightingale wells forth all day long from thicket after thicket, the plovers scream loudly over the Golden Valley, the magpies make merry in the roofless nave of Tintore.

All day long for a week now the bright sun has shone down, well pleased, on all this loveliness, and the cool breeze from the north-east blows fresh and strong. Clear light and keen air give a distinctness to the view and a freshness to the atmosphere that seem to make one understand how all this border-land beneath the Black Mountains was once the home of Celtic poetry. The bard of the Mabinogion was nothing if not clear-sighted and fresh of soul. He must see the imaged vision distinctly in all its brightness, he must distinguish the colours, he must name them, he must feel the breeze, and taste the salt of the sea and the flavour of the mead. His heroine's hair must be "yellow as the broom," and her skin fairer than the blossoms of the wool-anemone beside the spray of the fountain. Coal-black horses, brindled white-breasted greyhounds sporting like sea-swallows, spears of an edge to wound the wind, swords of the hue of the lightning of heaven, robes of flame-coloured silk, "arms of speckled yellow, variegated with Spanish laton!" Such are the furniture of the ancient bard. The imagination runs riot through fairyland. The tale-teller revels in miracle. One is surfeited with wonders. Yet there is nothing confused or indistinct. Men, women, palaces, animals stand out clear, and having dismissed from our mind the ordinary canons of probability, we may accept the things of fairyland, and visualise them as things in our own streets. "The left shoulder of the horse was of bright red, and its right leg from the chest to the hollow of the hoof was pure white." Could anything be more exact? Could a horse-dealer be more explicit? Surely it was this clear springtide air, this fresh luxuriance of natural beauty pouring itself forth in such a varied flood of colour and life that were responsible for something of this spirit of the Kelt, just as the lonely mountains and stony fastnesses were for the sadder and more melancholy side of his poetry.

I am writing with the Severn and the Wye both in view, and there is something very striking in the contrast between the broad majestic flow of the one



and ever-curving rapidity of the other. They were, no doubt, lover and beloved in old legend, the eternal contrast between male and female, the slow deep purpose of man, the variety, the impulsiveness, the loveliness of woman. The two little runnels that come forth from the flanks of Plymmon part asunder so widely, encircle so many acres, and at last draw together again, and mingle in one stream by St. Tecla's hermitage—do you not see what they symbolise? A romance indeed. "Two children in two neighbour villages." They pass their childhood side by side, perhaps they dream of a long life together; but it is not to be, for that would not be romance. No! there is the sad parting, and they go their several ways through the world, and as years pass on their footsteps ever grow closer again—he, grandly magnificent, bends slowly round towards her; she, ready to do the wooing—with a certain coyness, of course—keeps coming almost into his path,

and then with a graceful curtsy hastes away again only to return. And so for week after week, month after month, until at last after one more faint she rushes right into his arms—at St. Tecla's Church—and they are made one in the Indian summer, and together journey on through a broader, nobler life; so onwards to the sea. It is a pretty fancy, and no doubt is to be found at full length in some West Country poet or Welsh bard. The outline of it given will show the influence of the Wye country on the imagination, and the power of the springtime. Rivers, forests, meadows, and gardens are beseeching the town-dweller to leave his toil and see visions and dream dreams. Ruined castle and abbey are still and deserted, inhabited only of their own spirit. The Border country speaks more eloquently to us when we do not come in crowds. And she is never so fair of speech as in the month of May.

W. J. FERRAR.

## GOAT-FARMING: A NEW INDUSTRY.



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GOING HOME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

IT is a constant source of wonder to the few amateur goat-breeders in England that such a profitable industry as goat-farming has never been taken up on a large scale in agricultural districts. The Encyclopædia Britannica, under the head of "Goats," states: "Comparatively few are kept in England, because the advantages of goat-keeping are very imperfectly known." In this, therefore, as in many other cases, ignorance and prejudice seem responsible for the small attention paid to this interesting and productive little animal up to the present. The fact that goats' milk stands alone in being absolutely free from tuberculosis ought to be sufficient to attract the attention of all civilised countries, especially when cows' milk is known to be so full of tubercles that at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, December, 1900, Dr. Henri de Rothschild declared that, out of 450,000 quarts of milk consumed daily, 431,250 were found to be contaminated.

Goats are traced as far back as the history of the world, and in mythology this animal played a very important part. In the Greek legend the goat is Jupiter's nurse, her hair is used to weave the curtain of the temple, and she has a place in astronomy. Up to about twenty-five years ago the goat, commonly called "the poor man's cow," seems to have

fallen absolutely beneath contempt, and was only kept by poor villagers in mountainous districts, who never took the slightest care of them, let them inbreed at their own free will, and so some beautiful varieties are now almost extinct. During the last quarter of a century some special efforts to bring forth the merits of these animals have been started in almost every part of the world. The Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France was founded some twenty-seven years ago, and was quickly followed by the British Goat Society, which has done so much good in endeavouring to bring before the public the value of goat-keeping; still, goat-farming as an English industry is not practised on the same lines and to the same extent as by our American neighbours. To give one

example only, we will mention California, practically a new country, which, having in 1897 200,000 goats, has now increased that number to such an extent that in 1903 she had as many goats as sheep. In America the goats are not only valued for the milk, butter, and cheese they produce, but also for their skins, which to the number of 60,000,000, and the value of £5,000,000, are annually exported by the Americans. Without here going into statistics, or the study of the different breeds, we will try to point out how a



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ON THE SLOPES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GENERAL MACDONALD.

"C.L."

goat-farm can be started and worked to show a clear return of at least 100 per cent.

It is generally believed that goats thrive only in the open; this, however, is an error. Goats kept in complete confinement do better than others for which pasture has been provided. In the centre of Paris, M. Crepin has succeeded in breeding and collecting the finest herd of goats ever brought together; and Mr. Holmes-Pegler, in his clever book on goats, tells us that they are far more healthy when kept indoors, and yield a greater quantity of milk.

When starting goat-farming it would be wise to obtain the advice of an expert, as some breeds are much better milkers than others. The Alpine or Swiss breed is the very best for this purpose, but the

Spanish Murciennes are also excellent, giving, in their own country, as much as four quarts daily on very scanty food. Unfortunately, these are difficult to get in this country; but some English breed, or the Anglo-Nubian, can be obtained which will give a very fair result. Cold and rain are prejudicial



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SEDGEMERE LOUISE.

"C.L."

to the health of the goats; they must be kept very clean, and if in confinement ought to be groomed every day with a hard brush. Stabling for goats is constructed on the same principle as that for horses, but on a very reduced scale. It has been the privilege of the writer to visit the model establishment

of Mr. Ravenscroft at St. Albans and to see there to what perfection it is possible to bring goat-keeping; in fact, one would easily imagine one's self at a show of large toy stables such as are sold at our big Christmas bazaars, or viewing a miniature representation of some princely breeding establishments for race-horses.

Goats will eat almost anything—hay, corn, maize, bran, cabbage, roots of all kinds, etc. They must be fed regularly, three times a day

in winter, four times in summer. They should always have a supply of rock-salt, to which they must have free access, and water ought to be offered night and morning, oftener if required. This is a very important item in goat-keeping, as it tends greatly to increase the yield of milk. The milking



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CONTRASTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BRICKET CROSS.

"C.L."



Copyright

SUNBEAM.

"C.L."



should be done very regularly, and it is not advisable to commence this before the kids are about a fortnight old. The qualities of goats' milk are as numerous as they are unknown compared with cows' milk. It is more digestible, richer in cream and in nutritive substances; its chemical composition is nearly the same as human milk, with the exceptions, which are in its favour, that it contains more phosphates, and its density is somewhat greater.

The butter obtained from goats' milk is a great delicacy; so also is the cheese, which, in a part of France called the Mont d'Or, is the principal industry of the country for miles round. The flesh of the kid is equal to lamb in every way; it can be prepared to suit all tastes, salted it will last for months, and in the mountains is a great resource.

Two distinguished Frenchwomen have been successful in goat-breeding on a large scale. Mme. la Comtesse de la Boullaye, who has a very large herd, has created the industry of goat butter-making in Brittany; and the demand for this article has increased to such an extent that she cannot supply it in sufficient quantity to satisfy the market. Mme. Lepelletier, wife of the Deputy of Paris, has a unique herd of magnificent animals.

It is difficult to give an exact account of the profits to be derived from this enterprise; but the following figures, based on actual results, will give a very fair idea of the return to be expected:

Loss.	
Interest on cost of goat-house— £60 at 5 per cent. ...	3 0 0
Interest on cost of 24 she-goats and 1 he-goat, about £2 per head —£50 at 5 per cent. ...	2 10 0
Food at £4 per head per annum	100 0 0
Wages ...	25 0 0
Veterinary attention at 2s. a head	2 10 0
Straw bedding ...	2 0 0
	£135 0 0
PROFIT.	
24 goats will give 2 kids each; at 5 months old will fetch 10s. each ...	24 0 0
Goats yield on an average 2 quarts a day for about 10 months, at 6d. a quart...	360 0 0
Manure from 25 goats at 10s. a head ...	12 10 0
	£396 10 0

The above estimate is extremely low, 1s. per quart being the very lowest price at which goats' milk can be obtained in London, and over 10s. can always be got for kids of four or five months.

## A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE snow had ceased to fall. A few last flakes yet floated in the pale light of the winter sun. The narrow country road winding on before me at last lifted and passed over the crest of the hill. And here, solitary, overlooking the valley, stood the dark, snowy tower of a country churchyard. A robin began to sing as I turned aside and entered by the old lich-gate. Else, not a sound broke the beautiful wintry stillness; not a figure, man nor beast, moved across these far-stretching reaches of new-fallen snow. Pale light and faintest-coloured shadow played in hollow and ripple, and every tree stood burdened, bough above bough, beneath the sky.

One may speak of "solitude" in such a place; and yet was there ever solitude that seemed so thick with witnesses? The very air, cold and clear, and soon to be darkened, seemed full of sounds and shapes beyond the human senses to reveal. The graves were old; many of them recorded only how patiently Time labours, and the rain gnaws. Many of them lichen and moss had patterned over, and their tale was gone. But, for the rest, scarcely one was there that did not bear its epitaph—shrewd old doggerel, whimsical, tender, and with here and there a line or verse of a curious beauty and brevity:

"Stranger, a light I pray!  
Not that I pine for day—  
Only one beam of light  
To shew me Night!"

It was a naïf appeal to a "stranger" come, like myself, but to rest a little while before winter darkness should fall.

A few paces on stood a large oval stone, encircled with leaves of myrtle and clasped by two grotesque hands, as if he who held it knelt behind in hiding.

"Here sleeps, childless, friendless, a Widow,  
Mrs. Rebecca Shore.

I was afraid,  
Death still'd my fears:  
In sorrow I went,  
Death dried my tears:  
Solitary too,  
Death came; and I  
Shall no more want for company."

But melancholy and foreboding were rare in these old legends. It is not the being dead that matters, but the having lived. It was bitterly cold in spite of the quiet air. Yet who could forbear brushing the bright snow away to read, bejewelled with rime, poor Tom Logge's candid summing-up?

"Here lies Thomas Logge . . . A rascally Dogge  
A poor useless creature . . . By choice as by nature  
Who never served God . . . For kindness nor rod  
Who never did any . . . For pleasure nor Penny  
Work in his life . . . But to marry a Wife  
And live aye in strife:  
And all this he says . . . At the end of his days  
Lest some fine canting pen . . . Should be at him again."

That "pen," I am afraid, is still extant, a plume of the Phoenix;



AT PASTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

though this "rascally dogge" seems to have been in no great danger from it here. His near neighbours are Peter Vole and a sexton, who have, perhaps, by now, outslept all qualms of their company. They seem at peace.

"The Grave of Peter Vole:  
Aged 96 yrs. 5 mos. 30 days  
And expired with the Memorable Year 1805.

Here 's a pleasant Tale to tell  
Of one ' lived long & lived right well.  
Nigh an hundred year he were when he  
Looked, and his double Death did see.  
Privy and low says He to him,  
'Tis Peter Penn or my eyes wax dim!  
So very softly in summer weather  
Death took his hand, and they went together."

And on the other side lies the sexton, who, if his date be what it seems, may even have helped make easy here this very old man's grandfather:

"Here be the ashes of Jacob Todd  
Sexton now in the Land of Nod.  
Lonely he lived, lonely died,  
With his mattock and spade and nought beside.  
Ofttimes of evening here he'd sit  
Watching the pretty Robins flit:  
Now sleepeth e'en as deep as they  
He bedded for the Judgement Day."

A rose and a little smiling head are perishing at each corner of a small sarcophagus that stands close under the over-shadowing tower. The name at the foot is all but illegible:

"My mother bore me:  
My father rejoiced in me:  
The good priest blessed me:  
All people loved me,  
But Death coveted me  
And Iree'd my body  
Of its youthful soul."

Not a petal of the wide-open roses but held its little store of snow. I wandered on, stooping to read at random; here an old

wooden cross leaning crookedly over its one word "Peace"; here the great, flat, seventeenth century vault of Abraham Devoyage, "who was of France, and now, please God, is of Paradise"; and then Ann Poverty's narrow stone a pace or two beyond him:

"Stranger, here lies  
Ann Poverty;  
Such was my name  
And such was I.  
Spinster I was,  
Angel shall be,  
If Jecu pity  
Poverty."

Nothing less, too, than a valiant knight's fine sepulchre rises here beneath its little grove of cypresses. What his office was, and what gown is referred to I know not, unless it be the night-gear of his Worship of Drowsytown:

"These be the bones of Sir Thomas Dill  
That did in life High Office fill.  
There never was a knight in his gown  
That could with brass stare Sir Thomas down.  
There never rid a Knight whose Sword  
So valeted his bonded world.  
Never on bier was laid a Corse  
Fretted its eight hale Bearers worse.  
And never to Eternal Day  
Hath better Knight yet passed away."

Whose could have been the skill, and whose the pen that laboured so diligently for these pleasant people when nothing else remained to do them service? It was a wit, plain spoken at any rate, and had small respect for fine sentiment and flattery. The miser's shall prove it. I could make nothing else of the name:

"Asrafel Holt  
May 1, 1700.  
Here's buried a Miser:  
Had he been wiser,  
He had not come bare  
Where Heaven's garment are.  
He'd have spent him a penny  
To buy a wax Taper;  
And of water a sprinkle  
To still the poor Sleeper.  
He'd have cried on his soul,  
'O my soul, moth & rust!—  
What treasure can profit thee  
Now thou art dust?'  
'Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!'  
God grant, in those Scales,  
His Mercy avail us  
When all Earth's else fails!"

Here, too, the shrew:

"Here lies my wife,  
Susannah Prout;  
She was a Shrew  
I don't misdoubt:  
Yet all I have  
I'd give, if she  
Might but one hour  
Come back to me."

She has for neighbour two brothers, "Robert and William Beau, Englishmen of this Parish":

"Robert & William, as in life,  
Sleep here together without strife.  
Children they were of one dear Mother  
And did 'yond thought so love each other,  
That like two fruits o' the selfsame tree  
Each grew his brother's Effigy:  
Till Rob would oft for Will be ta'en;  
And Will's own self for Rob again.  
But (windfall'n apples on one stem,)  
Death blew, & Love hath buried them."

Winter twilight is brief. Frost had already kindled his countless sparks along the snow. The moon was up, silvery against the sun's last red. The last robin was flown to his crevice. Here was the same old unanswerable question confronting the traveller in spite of all these gentle voices. "I have no tongue," cried one from his corner, "and ye no ears." I turned to go, and happened on Mistress Hew's, her roses ran to wood, in turning:

"Sleep sound Mistress Hew!  
Birds sing over you;  
The sweet flowers flourish  
Your own hands did nourish;  
And many's the child  
By their beauty beguiled;—  
They prattle and play  
Till night call 'em away,  
In shadow and dew:  
Sleep sound Mistress Hew!"

Birds, flowers, children, all had forsaken the kind heart; all perhaps would return with April. Two epitaphs yet remained—John Sheeves', and one on a cracked and dateless stone beside the tottering gate:

"Here lies an honest Man  
John Sheeves the Publican.  
Ay, but a sinner too  
Penitent thro' and thro'."

And the other, in whose lofty tree, I imagine, many a thrush must perch to sing of evening:

"Here lies poor Nat Vole  
Fast asleep now poor Soul!  
'Twas aye one of his whims  
To be telling his dreams,  
Of the lands therein seen  
And the journeys he'd been!—  
La, if now he'd speak  
He'd not listeners seek!"

The old tower echoed to some shrill far-away cry, brooding hooded and solitary over its charges. And darkness made all illegible; for the moon was only at her halves, and in chase of dawn.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

## HORSE-BREAKING.

By THE MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE.

THESE notes on making and breaking young horses are not intended to compete with the experience and knowledge of the professional or practised horse-breaker. They have been compiled by an amateur for practical work in a private stable where the hands are inexperienced, and the most has to be made of any sort of horse or pony which happens to be produced by the breeding-stud, either for sale or for personal use.

When the horse has first to be handled, it should be ascertained whether he has ever been tied up. If not, he should be tied in a stall during the day only, a cloth put round the head-collar to prevent friction to the ears, and put into a box at night without head-collar or any rugging. I have known young horses get cast, even when loose in a box, by entangling their hind feet in the head-collar, in their efforts to scratch it off. The young horse should be stood in a stall as nearly as possible facing the stable door, as at first it is well to avoid turning and twisting round corners and doorways, especially with the dumb jockey on, which projects on each side of the back, and is apt to catch against the stable walls and doorways in leading in and out.

Next the horse is firmly fastened with pillar-reins to the head-collar. (It is a source of great expense to use leather pillar-reins with young horses, as they break them by the dozen, chucking their heads about when first they are put on in the stall.) Gently coax a bit into his mouth, strapping it loosely to the head-collar. The best bits for this purpose are those specially intended for use with the dumb jockey, furnished with droppers, which act as a sort of plaything, and occupy the horse's attention. Great care should be taken that the bit is wide enough for the mouth, or it will very soon cut the edges and set up a bad sore. I once saw a groom trying to "bit" a horse for the first time with a pony bit, the rings of it acting as a vice, causing intense pain and terror to the horse. After a few days a dumb jockey should be placed on the horse. Let the horse see and smell the strange-looking object before it is suddenly clapped on his back, with buckles and straps touching and tickling him in a dozen different places. Let him once satisfy himself that it is not an infernal machine, and half the difficulty is overcome. Leave the reins very slack, and do not attempt to put on



LUNGING.



the crupper at first. After the crupper is adjusted care must be taken always that the reins are not too tight, as if a young horse's head is constantly kept in a wrong position, serious injury to windpipe and breathing organs may ensue. After the horse has become thoroughly used to the dumb jockey in the stable, he should be led out in the cavesson bridle and taught to walk, back, and turn without difficulty or effort. The dumb jockey should never be kept on a horse too long at a time, or it is likely to make him hang on the bit and acquire a dull mouth. The horse should then be taught to "stretch" himself, or "stand out." It is wonderful how quickly a horse understands his lessons, and how willingly he falls into them. I consider a horse properly "mannered" to be worth an additional £20.

While I am on the subject of showing horses, a word as to the knack of "running" a horse. This should always be done with a very loose rein, full scope being given to the horse to show his paces. The man running should try to keep up with the horse, not hang on to his head and be dragged along. If the man has tight hold close to the bridle, the horse's head is pulled all to one side, and his paces are entirely spoilt. There is as much to be learnt in running a horse well by the man as by the horse.

The next step in the life of a three year old is lunging with the long rein. Many horses are very stupid at this at first, but, after being led off once or twice, generally take to it. Now comes driving with the long reins, with a man at the horse's



TEACHING TO STAND OUT.

with the long reins driving from behind. Before taking him out, turn him about and let the chains touch him everywhere, so that he becomes thoroughly used to them. After the above-described treatment has been continued for about six weeks, the three year old is released from the schoolroom and sent back to his brother babies at the stud farm.

From an economical point of view, I have always broken young horses in the winter, when of necessity they have to be artificially fed in any case. If taken up for breaking in the summer, it means artificial feeding at a season when they are able to shift for themselves on natural food. For some time I have fed the three year olds, while being handled, on "mixed grains" instead of oats. The horses eat this with appetite, and the cost is considerably less. I also use turnips to a great extent. Such items, small in themselves, help to lessen the forage bill where there are a good many youngsters to feed and break.

A year has passed; the four year old is now shod, groomed every morning, and well fed, for the work to be done will soon, in his grass-fed condition, run him down unless this is attended to. It is well when first commencing with a four year old, after a year's rest, to keep him for a week or so at what he has done before—lunging, long reins, and the single log. After which he can be put in double harness on the log for about a week, with an old horse alongside to teach him to work with a

neighbour. Any extra old coaching bars will suit the log for this purpose.

Now comes double harness in the brake with an old horse to keep him straight. In putting a horse into harness for the first time, all adjusting of tackle should have been done the day before. It is a capital plan to take the horse so



DRIVING WITH LONG REINS.

head to start him and keep control, and a man behind driving, who, keeping clear of his heels, teaches him to answer to the bit, turn, twist, go forward or backward as required. After a time or two, he will go quite naturally without being led, and will thus learn to answer to the bit before being put in harness. An active groom will take a youngster out on the long reins for an hour at a time, even running with him, and teaching him to pass carriages or other traffic.

The last lesson is driving with the log on the grass. Here it may be well to give a short description of the log. The size and weight of it should be judged by the size and weight of the horse. It must be remembered that the log is a dead weight on grass, and, if not carefully selected, may be the means of teaching a horse to jib. Roughly speaking, for a horse of 15h., the length of the log should be from 8ft. to 10ft., and the diameter from 6in. to 8in. Light wood, such as larch or spruce, should be used. A hook is fixed at the end of the log, and a bar attached (an old team leader-bar serves the purpose); to it are hooked the chains by which the horse is to draw—harrow-chains from the nearest farm are generally available. A suitable collar has been tried and left on for a time the day before, hames are strapped on, and the horse is led to the log, where the chains are already attached to the bar. He is backed to the proper position, the chains are hooked to the hames (to the buckles of the short ends of a pair of old traces), and away he goes, a man at his head with the cavesson bridle, and the man



DRAWING THE LOG DOUBLE.

harnessed out on the lunge, and trot him round with breeching dangling about his legs. The day he is first harnessed he should be got ready some time before, fed, and allowed to stand quietly with harness on, then walked quickly to the trap and put to with as little delay as possible. In leading horses out of the stable it is always best to hold them by the nose-band and not the bit, as horses with sensitive mouths are easily upset by a jar to the mouth. Putting young horses to a carriage for the first time should never be done in the stable-yard, but on the roadway outside, as serious damage may arise from a fall in plunging about at starting on the stones of the yard.

Where possible, the first few turns in harness should be given in a flat grass field, with a man at the young horse's head, and another with the loose rein (as afterwards described) beside the driver. In this way he gets thoroughly used to the harness and trap before going on the roads. I would always recommend taking a youngster up to a carriage for days before harnessing, rubbing the shafts or pole about him, and giving him a pinch of corn at the time, so that he may become thoroughly used to the look and feel of it before having to drag it. I consider double harness the best for starting a young horse, if he is not suspected of being a kicker. A good old brake horse drags him on and pushes him about without much mercy. If the youngster looks like giving trouble it is best to put him in single harness, as the driver has more control over one horse than two. After the horse has been driven in double harness a few times he can be tried in single, or, if he starts badly in double, he should be put in single harness at once.

There is just a word or two to add about safe and proper harness to use for breaking purposes. One hears it said any old harness will do, but any old harness will not do. Harness used for breaking purposes should be quite trustworthy—never mind

how common or country made; let it be sound and safe. I always use a kicking-strap in double harness made of two long straps crossed over the back, screwed to the pad by the terret-rings, and attached to the bar with leather tugs. This gives the driver a sense of security in handling the horse, and he can keep him up to his work by moderate use of the whip without the risk of an accident from kicking. In single

harness I always use a rope kicking-strap as well as the leather one. It is impossible to say where leather may give way with a sudden jerk, whereas rope, being more pliable, will hold a kicker far more securely. I also use an extra or "loose rein" when breaking in all harness. This is a long single rein buckled to a hames' strap, and fastened to the middle or lower bar of bit across from side to side.



THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

The rein is held loosely by a man or boy sitting beside the driver. It gives absolute control over the horse, so that should an accident occur and the driver be thrown out, the man with the loose rein, no matter what happens, has still hold of the horse, and so prevents the fatal result of a young horse "getting away." It will be readily understood that the driver's reins through the terrets are useless in such an emergency. The loose rein should be held very slack, as the leverage is very severe and the slightest touch checks the horse. Knee-caps should invariably be used in breaking horses. Half-an-hour a day increased up to five miles is about the amount a young horse should be required to do in harness.

Three or four months of this sort of work should make him safe and trustworthy, but I would never recommend taking a horse into regular work under five years old. If given just this much more time he will repay his extra keep in the end.

[We publish the Marchioness of Breadalbane's interesting communication with pleasure, though without quite agreeing with her as to the best and most expeditious methods of breaking a horse to harness.—ED.]

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE WHITE AND OTHER PINKS.

JUNE is the month for Pinks, and nothing is more welcome at this time than the deliciously sweet white flower which is now in full bloom. Though it is in most gardens, it is not nearly enough used in the best ways. Because it is a useful border plant is no reason why it should not also be used in the rock or wall garden, where it is quite in place. In rocky drifts, or crowning stony masses, or nestling at the rock foot, its neat tufts are always delightful, while its sun-baked fragrance, here and elsewhere, is one of the charms of early June. No flowering plant is better as a garden edging, and it should not be forgotten how excellent is its foliage in winter, for then is it in perfection. Mrs. Sinkins is one of the most popular of white Pinks, but the flowers burst badly in wet weather, and the same fault must be urged against the variety Her Majesty. The Pink that has always behaved itself in the writer's garden is Albino. The flower is not large, but there is a roundness and fulness in the petals which are commendable traits, and the calyx seldom bursts to let out the fragrant florets. Mrs. Welsh is a fine sort, Snowflake is another good white, but in thinking of the white Pinks it must be remembered that the old fringed white is as pretty and as fragrant as any, though in the thirst for novelties it is likely to be neglected. There are several

Mule or Hybrid Pinks are of much beauty, and the way to increase these is by cuttings or by layers. The more important are the following: Dianthus Alice Lee, a double white flower, its best place being the rock garden; D. Atkinsoni is a beautiful mule pink, named after Mrs. Atkinson, who raised it in 1845. We have frequently stopped to admire the beautiful crimson colouring of the flowers, which are poised on slender stems. Unfortunately, the mule Pinks are very troublesome to increase, but that excellent gardener the late Captain C. Nelson, brother of the late Rev. J. G. Nelson of Narcissus fame, had a good plan for the renewal of these Pinks that was of special use in the case of D. Atkinsoni, which often blooms itself to death. He simply removed all the flowers from some of the plants; these, by autumn, were fine spreading tufts that could be divided. By this

means he secured a yearly supply of flowering plants. D. Lady Dixon is said to have resulted from crossing the Sweet William and Clove Carnation. There is something of both parents in the mule; the flowers are reddish crimson in colour, and are very fragrant. It is a good garden plant. D. Marie Paré is well known to Pink enthusiasts. The flowers are pure white, and make a brave show in the garden. D. Grievei, we well remember, grew many years ago on the rock garden at Kew. It was raised by the Scotch grower Mr. James Grieve, who crossed a Sweet William and single laced Pink, with this result. The colouring varies from white to rosy pink, and in the same clusters this difference in shade is noticeable. The leaves are like those of the Sweet William. D. Michael Foster is a double-flowered hybrid, and very showy. One of the most striking of all the hybrid Pinks is called Napoleon III. The flowers are deep crimson, and borne in great profusion, but, unhappily, it is difficult to grow. D. Spencer Bickham is a cross between D. cæsius and D. deltoides, the pretty little Maiden Pink. It is a plant of quite dwarf growth, not more than a few inches high, and is for that reason a Pink for the rock garden. The colour of the flower is crimson, with a shade of rose in it. D. superbus has very sweetly-scented flowers, double, crimson in colour, and it remains in bloom over a long season.

*The Carnation Maggot.*—We have received several Carnation plants lately which have succumbed to the attacks of this terrible pest to the Carnation. The Carnation maggot is the larva of a fly known as *Hylemyia nigrescens*. It bears a great resemblance to the common house-fly, but is not a pest to trifle with, although it is insignificant and apparently harmless. Few of the enemies of the Carnation are capable of greater mischief, and the plants in the borders suffer most severely, especially seedlings and layers; but layers under glass escape. The flies may be seen busy among the plants in April and later. They deposit their eggs at the base of the leaves, and a small maggot is hatched out which eats its way down the leaves into the very heart of the plant; it works its way down the leaf under the membrane, a whitish line showing the path it has taken. If this track is followed the maggot may



be captured, and if its presence in the centre of the plant is discovered, pick out the pest with a needle and destroy it. It may be found in the form of a small white maggot, or in the chrysalis state, when it is of a brown colour. The centre leaves are often quite eaten through at the base, and when pulled out there is the chrysalis or maggot. The Carnation is generally killed; but destroy the maggot at all cost, as the chrysalis may speedily develop another fly, which in its turn may be the parent of a fresh brood of maggots to work destruction in autumn and winter. There is no other way of dealing with the Carnation maggot except by hunting it out in the way suggested. The grubs are about one-eighth of an inch in length, legless, and white with dark heads.

## RANDOM NOTES.

*Work in the Garden.*—The blessed rains of early June have worked wonders in the garden, and wholesale failure of Sweet Peas and many vegetable crops has been averted. July is frequently dry and wet, and it is a mixture of both that is most desirable. One of the chief duties in the flower garden from this time until quite autumn is the removal of seed-pods, which have the effect of quickly stopping the opening of fresh flowers. A plant is unable to bear the double burden of seed bearing and flower production. When the weather is very dry resort to mulching, which keeps the roots cool, and prevents moisture escaping from the soil. Dahlia stakes must be seen to, and the shoots thinned out where these are very thick. Take cuttings of Pinks, which strike very easily under a handlight in prepared soil in the open garden. One can hardly have too many white Pinks. They may be used as edgings in the kitchen garden, and the flowers are useful for cutting. Mrs. Sinkins, Her Majesty, and Albino are three of the most popular; the first named is as cheap as any. It will soon be time to layer Strawberries, and the wise gardener always has a fresh bed yearly. Plants after the second and third year are rarely a success, as the fruit is scanty and small. Plants and young trees also benefit greatly by gently syringing in the evening of a hot and dusty day. It freshens the foliage, and is of some assistance to the fruit.

*The White Judas Tree.*—The Judas Tree (*Cercis siliquastrum*) is well known, but the white variety, *alba*, we have only seen on one or two occasions, the last being in the arboretum of the Royal Gardens, Kew. The species is known by its pretty purple clusterings of flowers, which are attached to the old wood, and seem scarlet on the dark-coloured bark. It comes from the Mediterranean region, where it attains a height of about 20ft., and enjoys for soil a sandy loam, with full exposure to the sun and air. The white Judas Tree is a charming tree, and we hope it will not long remain in obscurity. It blooms with even greater freedom than the type; the flowers are larger and more numerous, and they are snow white, so clear and distinct that the tree is conspicuous from a long distance. One wonders what the white-flowered shrub can be that stands out from its fellows, until, of course, it is seen close at hand. The Judas Tree is frequently grown against a wall; but it also makes a very handsome shrub or low-growing tree, in which form it may be seen in the Royal Gardens.

*The Double Wistaria and W. multijuga.*—Many shrubs or trees have flowered this year which have not done so with the same profusion before,

and the double Wistaria and the long-racemed *W. multijuga* are illustrations of this. The double variety is quite double—no false description, as is frequently the case with plants so labelled. Each bloom is almost a rosette, and the flowers hang in graceful racemes, as in the ordinary Wistaria which we know so well. The colouring is somewhat darker, however, and more effective. It seems to have a warmer shade of blue, which is peculiarly beautiful when the plant is allowed to ramble into some neighbouring tree or mingle with Virginian Creeper, as Mr. Waterer allows it to do in his Knap Hill Nursery, near Woking. The double Wistaria should not, however, be planted in quantity. Our experience of it is that it is only once in many years that the racemes are produced in profusion, and that it has none of the free-flowering qualities of the old kind. *W. multijuga* was very beautiful a few days ago at Kew. This has the longest racemes of its family, these having a length of between 2ft. and 3ft., and the colouring is very soft and unusual. The tree made quite a fairy picture.

*The White Rose Frau Karl Druschki.*—This new Rose became immediately popular although it belongs to the much-neglected Hybrid Perpetual class; but the reason is not far to seek. The flowers are very large, but with a certain refinement, and dead white, without a trace of colouring. It is the whitest Rose in existence, sweetly perfumed, and very free. A combination of such virtues as this easily accounts for its many friends. We notice that in the Royal Gardens, Kew, the plants are pegged down, and the strong shoots are now bearing many of the fine handsome flowers. It is not only a good Rose for the garden, but the exhibition also, and we well remember how frequently it occurred in the prize boxes at last year's Rose shows. It was first brought to the notice of the public in 1901, and was raised, we believe, by Mr. Peter Lambert.

*Rose Prince de Bulgarie.*—This is one of the loveliest of all the Hybrid Tea Roses, and has been shown on several occasions this year in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Westminster. The flowers were, of course, from plants in pots, but we have seen plants in the open garden which were quite as clean and refined in colouring. Rose-growers should watch for this hybrid at the exhibitions during the next few weeks, and if the colour is admired it may well be added to their collections, the plants being very free and strong in growth. The petals are broad and of delicate shades of colour, rose, salmon, and apricot mingling together, and then passing to quite an apricot colour towards the base of the petals. As the name suggests, it is a French-raised Rose, and Pernet-Ducher, who has given us so many beautiful Roses, is responsible for it.

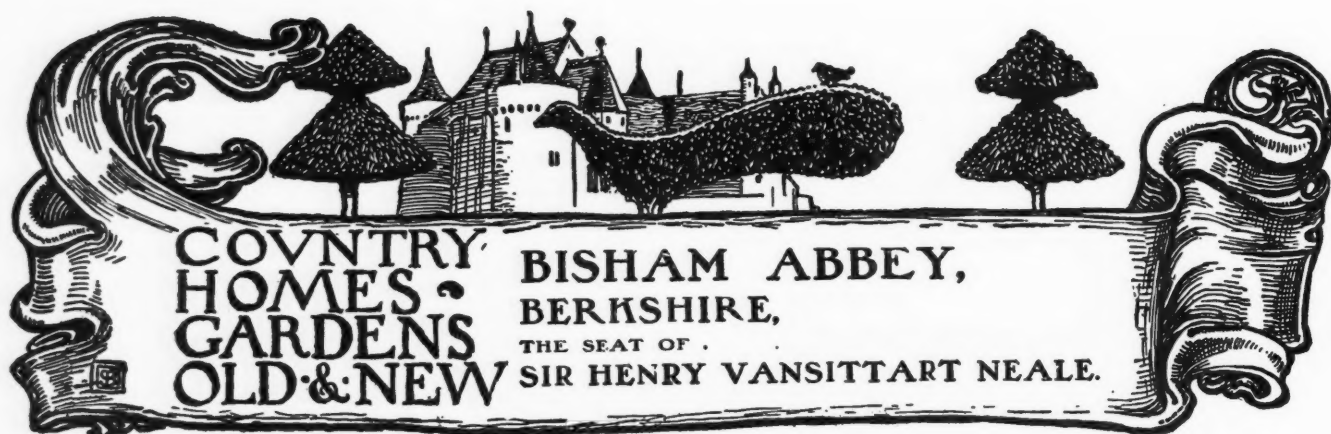
*Day Lilies and Ferns.*—A fernery, or even a wild bit of the garden where Ferns are left to themselves, offers many opportunities of making pretty pictures. Bluebells, or Poet's Narcissus, mixed with Ferns, are very fresh and charming in spring, and when these have faded Day Lilies will take their place. We have such a corner in the garden. The Day Lilies have been planted five years, and have become thoroughly established. The yellow colouring of the flowers is very rich, and the scent sweet and powerful. Day Lilies seem to grow anywhere, even at the foot of a Yew hedge.



G. R. Balance.

THROUGH THE OLIVES.

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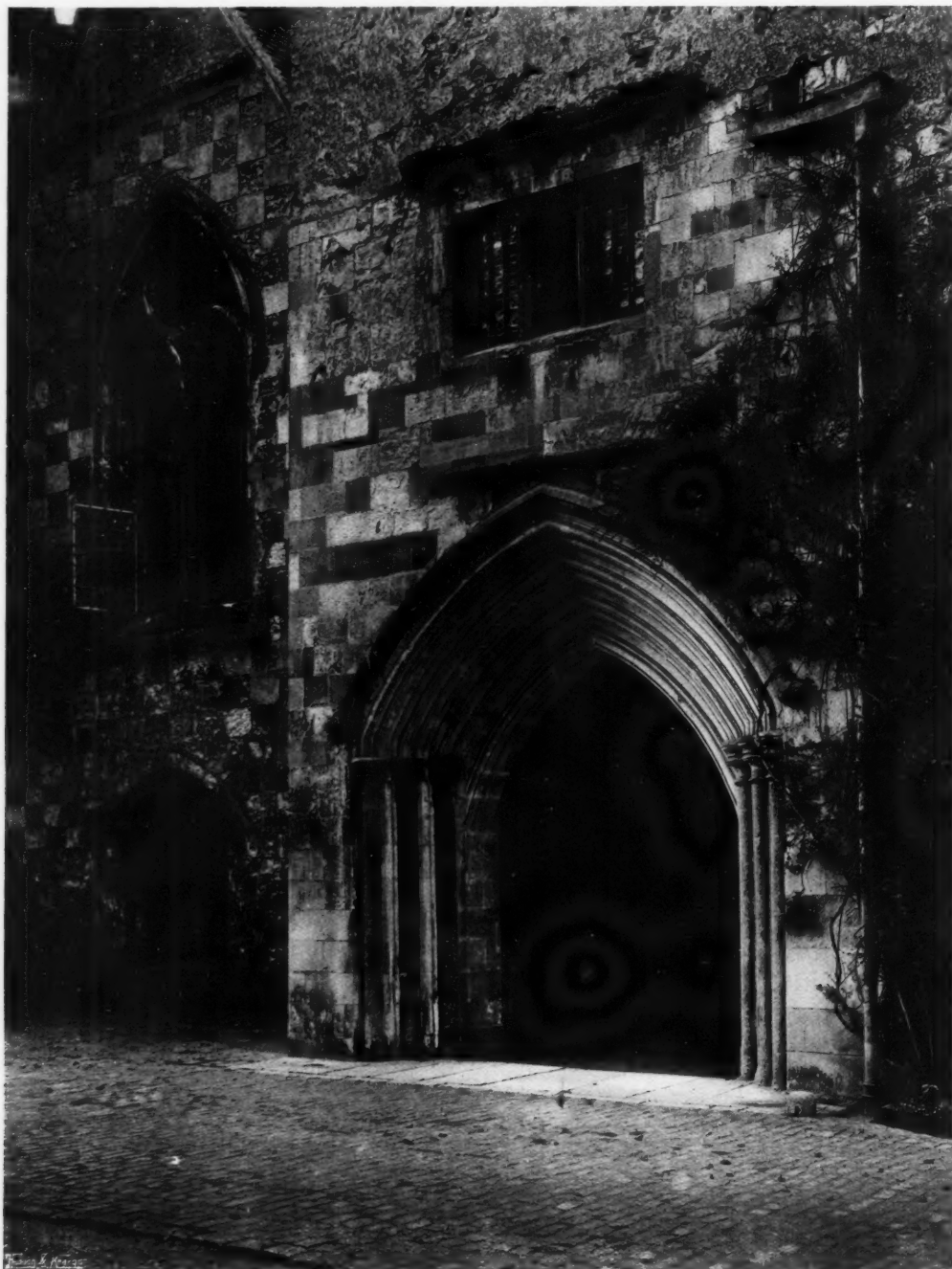
**O**F the many houses on Thames bank it is, perhaps, Bisham Abbey which is most sure of homage from the oarsman who goes by. The crow-stepped gables and the battled turrets show through the trees in a picture so gravely beautiful that oars must be shipped as the boat drifts past it. The house in Cliveden Woods as a palace, is magnificent, but an old house of rambling shape, patchworked with centuries, calls at once to the sentiment

of those English who, in spite of their long laughter at the phrase, do truly take their pleasures sadly.

Bisham, a Berkshire village on the Thames, between Marlow and Temple Mills, is one of those villages which, having been famous in their day, have fallen upon untroubled sleep. Its fame came to it by reason of those religious communities, who chose it out, as they chose many another pleasant site amongst the trees at the edge of the broad water.

First of all came the soldier monks, the knights of the Temple, whose name remains to this day in the Temple Mills hard by. The Templars had a preceptory here as early as the twelfth century, and here they kept house until the Order was driven from all its houses here and abroad. The humble order of dervish soldiers whose seals of two knights riding upon the one horse spoke of their earlier poverty and humility, had become rich and proud, violent—and obsolete. Their haughty seclusion and the close comradeship within the Order bred angry whisperings, which grew louder and louder until Europe screamed curses at them, showering strange accusations of wizardries and shameful mysteries. They had worshipped the goat and the cat, they had a black image before which they bowed. They had fouled the crucifix with a ritual of insult, and men who had been blithe as birds before they became Templars went ever after pale-faced and heavy with the thought of the secret sins of the Order. So the Order of the Temple went down, never to be set up again, and Bisham passed from it with many another house and manor.

William de Montagu, the first Earl of Salisbury, set up the second religious house at Bisham, where he founded a priory of Austin friars, which flourished under the patronage of his descendants, Montagus and Nevills, of whom a long line were buried here, beginning with the founder, whose body was brought to Bisham with the bruises of a Windsor tournament upon it. The priory endured until 1536, when Henry VIII. set in the prior's place a mitred abbot with thirteen monks of the Benedictine rule. But the new abbey was founded in the last days of abbeys and priories. Two years saw the end of it, and Bisham passed to the crown. The last of its priors who held



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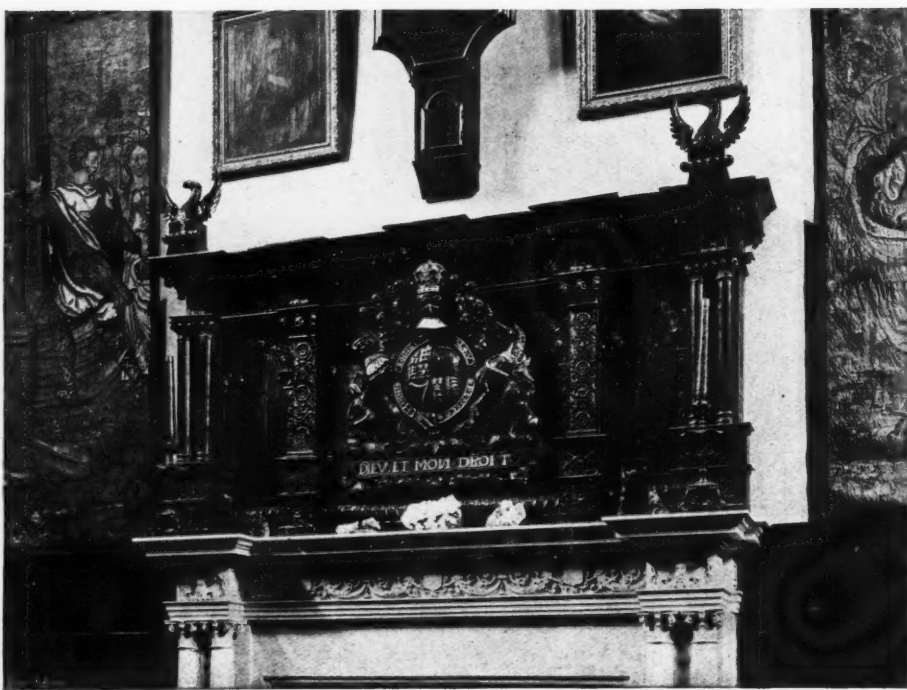
THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

office for less than a year has a name which should be recorded amongst the worthies or, let us rather say, the celebrities of Bisham annals, for he was one William Barlow, a remarkable figure amongst the reformation prelates. Whilst serving the King on an embassy to Scotland he was elected Bishop of St. Asaph, and within the next thirty years he had progressed from St. Asaph to St. David's, from St. David's to Bath and Wells, and from Bath and Wells to Chichester. By religion he was a flabbily enthusiastic person, and by calling a place-hunting churchman of

a bad type, eager to buy interest and advancement by gifts of that which he held in trust. Not the least of his achievements was his marrying of his five daughters to five bishops. Anne he gave to the diocese of Hereford, Margaret to Lichfield, and Frances to York, whilst Elizabeth and Antonia each in her turn ruled a bishop of Winchester.

Bisham ceasing to be a house of religion, became a manor of the crown, and was part of the royal settlement which was to console the flouted charms of the substantial Lady Anne of Cleves. Under Edward VI. she petitioned for leave to exchange Bisham for certain Kentish lands with Sir Philip Hoby, the Master of the Ordnance, and with the interest of Cecil the exchange was effected, although in a letter of 1552



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CARVING OVER THE HALL CHIMNEY-PIECE. 'COUNTRY LIFE.'

Sir Philip remarks the dissatisfaction of the Lady Anne, who had, no doubt, been persuaded into a one-sided bargain.

Sir Philip Hoby may be taken as a type of those new men who swam well in the troubled waters of the Tudor age. He was son to a Leominster gentleman descended out of a Radnorshire family. He began in the King's household service, and by that way came the Cecils and Russells to power and estate. We hear of him first as a gentleman of the privy chamber despatched on such services as were the common task of those about a

Tudor King as they would be to-day of those in the household of an eastern prince. Thus we find Philip Hoby on a mission to apprehend certain foreigners under suspicion of being Jews who were venturing their persons in a land which had for ages closed its ports against the race. These men are examined before Master Hoby, who sends their depositions to London with an inventory of their goods.

Very early in reformation times Philip Hoby made his choice for the doctrine of the reformers, as is seen by his committal to the Fleet Prison for having maintained, or hidden away, a clergyman who had "evil opinions" of the sacrament of the altar, but six days of durance purged his misdemeanour and soon the time came when persons of Master Hoby's way of thinking



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A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'





*BISHAM ABBEY FROM THE LAWN.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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went in no danger of the tipstaff. When monks and friars went out he was one of those who came in; as the King's diligent servant he had his full share of the spoils, and the rapid ending of the house of the grantee of Evesham Abbey has pointed a moral for the author of the "History of Sacrilege." In 1554 Philip Hoby was in arms at the winning of Boulogne, and was made knight after the siege.

The servants of King Henry did not want for change of

thrust forward early in his career by his brother's prosperity. A brilliant scholar, speaking many tongues, he travelled in France and Italy, and was knighted at Greenwich before going as Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the court of France. Rumour has it that his loyalty to his Sovereign made him enemies in high place, and his death at Paris was set down by many of his countrymen to the sudden disease to which ambassadors in the sixteenth century were strangely subject. Men had many such stories in their minds, and even if London were silent we cannot doubt that Bisham spoke its mind when Sir Thomas Hoby was brought home, dead in his prime, to lie beside his brother.

This Hoby, a true son of a house of liberal learning, left some memorial behind him in his translation of that famous book, "The Courtier of Castiglione." As he loved books, so he may be said to have married amongst them, his wife being a notable daughter of a family of blue-stockings, the Cookes of Gidea Hall. Of the daughters, whom Sir Anthony Cooke had nourished upon Latin and Greek, Mildred the eldest was wife to the great Lord Burleigh, and Anne, the wife of Lord Keeper Bacon, was mother to Francis Bacon. Elizabeth, the youngest, was left a widow at the death of Sir Thomas Hoby. She loved funerals, the armories and banners, the black hoods and sombre hangings, the grave processions which followed death in good houses. At Bisham she set herself to the congenial work of building a chapel for the tombs of the Hobys, the chapel in which they stand to-day. The body of the elder Hoby was taken up from its grave and laid in the new tomb beside his brother. Over them both she set up this noble monument upon which the stately brothers lie side by side in their harness, sleeping with their heads propped upon their helmets. Their armour is a fair picture of the rich trappings of the day, enriched over breastplates, long tassels and bauldrons, from the rim of the gorget to the square toes, with broad bands of guilloche work. Each catch and hinge, each strap and buckle, may be studied as though



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THE GREAT HALL AND GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

employment, and in 1548 Sir Philip began his career as diplomatist by going as ambassador resident to the court of the Emperor Charles V. In the next reign he was sent to Paris, with the Marquess of Northampton and others, to treat for the King's marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. Our young King notes in his own diary the brave show of Sir Philip Hoby as he set out followed by ten gentlemen of his own in new velvet coats and chains of gold. His next service carried him to Antwerp, and at this time Bisham came into his hands and the office of Master of the Ordnance. He was one of the ambassadors resident in Flanders during the nine days' reign of the Lady Jane, and one of that poor lady's few state papers was an order to him and his fellow, to continue in their place. With the pliancy of their century they saluted the new dynasty, and replied with a message in which the Lord Guilford Dudley, her husband, is styled "King." Having such a letter upon the table it is small wonder that Queen Mary's council recalled Philip Hoby from Flanders; but in the next year he had made his peace, was back again in favour and engaged at Brussels upon his last embassy. He came home at last in broken health, and dying in 1558 at his house in the Blackfriars, was buried here at Bisham.

The figure of Sir Thomas Hoby lies in marble beside Sir Philip. Several years younger than his half-brother, he was

the full suit were before us in steel, and at the edge of the plates we mark the slit edges of the leather of the padded linings. The birds at the feet of the two knights are the hobby-hawks, a play upon their name of Hoby. In one of two panels of the face of the tomb is the great shield of the Hobys with its quarterings of illustrious Welsh houses—the first coat having the strange bearing of three weavers' shuttles—and in a second panel a shield of seven quarters for Cooke of Gidea Hall. Above and about are verses and inscriptions in English and Latin from the pen of the learned widow. The elegiacs may be left to their repose, but the English verses of the midmost panel will bear repeating as a sample of Dame Hoby's work:

"Two worthy Knightes and Hobies bothe by name  
Enclosed within this marble stone do rest  
Philip the fyrst in Cæsar's court hathe fame  
Such as tofore fewe legates like possest  
A diepe discoursing head a noble brest  
A courtier passing and a curteis knight  
Zelous to God whos gospel he profest  
When gretest stormes can dym the sacred light  
A happie man whom death hath nowe redeemd  
From care to love that can not be esteemd



Thomas in Fraunce possest the legates place  
 And with such wisdom grew to guide the same  
 As had increst great honour to his race  
 If sodein fate had not envied his fame  
 Firme in God's truth gentle a faithfull fren l  
 Wel lerned and languaged nature besyde  
 Gave comely shape which made awful his end  
 Sins in his floure in Paris towne he die d  
 Leaving with child behind his woful wief  
 In forein land opprest with heapes of grief  
 From part of which when she discharged was  
 By fall of teares that faithfull wiefes do shead  
 The corps with honour brought she to this place  
 Performing here all due unto the dead  
 That doon this noble tombe she caused to make  
 And both thes brethern closed within the same  
 A memory left here for vertues sake  
 In spite of death to honour them with fame  
 Thus live they dead and we lerne wel therby  
 That ye and we and all the world must dye."

Dame Hoby, however, was to plan for herself funerals more splendid than those which custom accorded to the widow of a knight. After eight years of mourning she gave her hand to John, Lord Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and this husband also having the good fortune to die in her lifetime had, like Sir Thomas Hoby, an epitaph of her making in Westminster Abbey, where he lies. She herself lived on to an age of eighty years and more before she came to plan her own funeral and design her last and most splendid tomb. From her very deathbed she wrote to Sir William Dethick for an expert's advice concerning her hearse and burial offerings, asking what hangings of the church, what attendance of the heralds, what banners and scutcheons, and what number of mourners should be meet for the obsequies of one of her rank and estate. Upon her tomb she kneels at her prayer desk, with a coronet perched over the pleats of her strange and ample coif. Behind her kneel three daughters, and behind these her two sons, Edward Hoby and that Thomas Posthumus Hoby, whose birth after his father's death gave him the double Christian name which made him remarkable in a time when a bare half-dozen Englishmen were thus distinguished. The lady on her knees before her in the full ruff and the robes of a peeress has, like her, a coronet behind that high roll of hair which stands stiffly above the forehead. This can be no other than Anne, her daughter by the second marriage, whom she had married to Henry, Lord Herbert, the Earl of Worcester's son. A dozen scutcheons with many-quartered blazonries in the armorial taste of the day speak of the ancestral honours of the Cookes of Gidea Hall, the Hobys, the Russells, and the Fitzwilliams, the panel to the left having the shield of the marriage of Lord Burghley with Mildred Coke. We cannot leave the pedant dame without retelling the story of her whipping to death her little son who blotted his copy-books. History does not say whether the child was of the Hoby or the Russell marriage, but the lady's ghost wandering in her galleries and vainly washing her guilty hands with invisible water was proof sufficient for the Bisham legend, until a pile of blotted copy-books were dug out from rubble below the hall floor to stablish beyond question the chronicle of the Bisham ghost.

The tomb is surrounded with a railing, amongst whose

spikes rise painted banners of iron or tin. This railing, and much else, by the courteous permission of the rector of Bisham, was removed for a time to allow this most successful photograph to be taken.

Sir Edward Hoby, the elder son of this old lady of splendid sorrows, was the last of the three famous Hobys of Bisham. He was born here in 1560, and to the advantages which his birth as Burghley's nephew would give him, he added by marriage with Margaret Cary, daughter of the Lord Hunsdon, the Queen's own cousin. Like his father and uncle, he was a diplomatist, and in his first mission to Scotland earned such popularity at the Scottish court that he pleaded an ague in order to save himself from the resentment of his jealous sovereign lady. He was knighted at his wedding. In 1592 Queen Elizabeth honoured his house of Bisham with her presence, and in 1597 he was given the constablership of Queenborough Castle, where he diverted himself with theological controversy and the making of such tracts as "A Countersnarl for Ishmael Rabshacheh" and a "Currycombe for a Coxecombe," sallies which drew furious answers yet more strangely title-paged. His generation hailed him a worthy scholar, and the learned Camden in his "Britannia" has a grateful word for this ingenious knight. The urn-capped pyramid at whose base sit four Cary swans, commemorates his noble lady by whom he left no issue, but one Katharine Pinkney bore to him, out of wedlock, a son, Peregrine Hoby, whom he made heir of Bisham. These new Hobys were baronets in the year of the plague and the fire, and the last of them died Dean of Ardfert in 1766, devising Bisham to his cousin Sir John Mill, whose widow sold Bisham to the Vansittarts, who hold



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THE WINDOWS OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DAME ELIZABETH'S MONUMENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it to-day. Other and statelier tombs should be at Bisham, for Bisham was the burying-place of greater folk than these scholar-ambassadors. Somewhere in Bisham is the dust of Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, who took Mortimer from the queen's arms, and Montagus and Nevills, who came after him, had their graves here. To Bisham they carried the slashed body of Warwick the king-maker; in Bisham was laid the head and trunk of Edward of Warwick, the last heir male of the line of the Conqueror. In place of such as these the Hobys keep their funeral state, and the wise antiquary who lands at this river-side church will be grateful that at least the curious devices of Elizabeth Cooke remain to greet him.

George Vansittart or van Sittart, who bought Bisham from the widow of Sir John Mill-Hoby, was grandson of Peter van Sittart, who was born at Dantzic, a merchant who settled in England under Charles II. The family took its name from Sittard in Limburg, and before settling in Dantzic it had given

many citizens to Jülich, near Aix la Chapelle. Peter van Sittart was a governor of the Russia Company and a director of the East India Company. His argosies sailed in the Baltic trade and to the East Indies and the South Seas. In the second generation the Vansittarts were rich country folk in Berkshire; and this grave house of merchants, favourers of the reformed religion, had become so light-heartedly English that no less than three of Peter van Sittart's grandsons were members of that community at Medmenham which our shuddering forefathers knew as the Hell Fire Club. It was Henry van Sittart who sent from India to the care of his brother Robert the ape to which Sir Francis Dashwood was wont to administer the sacrament during the brotherhood's wicked rites. But the van Sittarts kept the sound abilities which had advanced the Baltic trade. Robert van Sittart became Regius Professor of Civil Law, Henry was Governor of Bengal and father of Nicholas, Lord Bexley, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who did in some sort endeavour



to wipe out the memory of his father's Medmenham follies by sitting as president of the British and Foreign Bible Mission. The eldest son of the purchaser of Bisham was a general in the army, and the colours of a battalion, of which he had the colonelcy, are those which our picture shows hanging in the hall at Bisham. The general's younger brother, Vice-Admiral Henry van Sittart, was with Nelson at that siege of Calvi which cost the hero an eye. Edward van Sittart-Neale, the last squire of Bisham, was a father of the great co-operative movement and a promoter of the annual congress of co-operators. His son, Sir Henry van Sittart-Neale, the present lord of Bisham, has been a distinguished civil servant, and gained a K.C.B. as Assistant-Secretary to the Admiralty.

The house of Bisham Abbey as it stands to-day is a puzzle, which the architect-antiquary has not yet worked out. In the ground about it lie the ruined foundations of the ancient priory of whose buildings it must have been a part. Our picture of

the great entry shows the ancient work of the house. The porch is of the age of Edward I., and has a beautiful groined vaulting with moulded ribs and shafts with capitals. The fair window seen to the left of the entry has two lights, with a rose light above them, and cannot be later than the end of the thirteenth century. It lights a long solar chamber behind the hall gallery. The mass of the building is, however, of Tudor brickwork. The hall is a stately room whose ribbed roof has been restored to it, and has a gallery and a buttery hatch. The fine fireplace of carved stone, with carved oak above, was brought here from Wiltshire. The arms are those of the Stuart kings: the eagle crests of the van Sittarts which decorate the corners of the shelf are, of course, later additions. The handsome bay window of the drawing-room is said to have been thrown out when Elizabeth was a guest at Bisham, and there is no doubt that the present house is for the most part the work of the earlier Hobys, although even so modern a work as Mr. Cooper King's "History



of Berkshire" perpetuates the ignorant tale that the tower with much else is the work of the templars under King Stephen.

The beauty of Bisham is something beyond all dispute of antiquary and architect. The old house seen across the broad river amongst its ancient trees was the beloved of De Wint and the old landscape painters, and the camera takes it a score of times a day in the season of water-parties. But those who have once lain on their oars to look upon it will carry its picture with them without need of other memorial.

## GEESE.

**W**HAT is a goose? That this question should bring us face to face with an unsolved problem is a fact which will probably surprise not a few. Nevertheless, such is the case; inasmuch as it is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, at any rate, to frame any definition of these birds which shall completely exclude the ducks on the one hand, and the swans on the other.

To those who are familiar only with our British geese this statement may seem somewhat strange, for there can, indeed, be no great difficulty in distinguishing between the geese, ducks, and swans of Great Britain. It is only when we come to extend our survey that cut-and-dried definitions break down. As a rule, it appears to be a tradition among the geese, as with the swans, that both sexes should wear the same livery, which is renewed but once a year. From the swans they differ mainly in their shorter necks, from the ducks in their larger size and longer legs. But even in these particulars there are so many exceptions that to draw any hard-and-fast line dividing the three great groups is impossible. In the matter of size, for instance, we find the pigmy "cotton-teal"—an indubitable goose—dwarfed by one of our smallest ducks, the common teal. In the coloration of the sexes we find the kelp goose of America (*Cloephaga*) breaking through the rule, in that the male and female differ conspicuously in plumage. The snow goose (*Chen hyperboreus*) has a plumage identical with that of the Coscoroba swan, whose livery is white, relieved by black flight-feathers. The short, stout beak, characteristic of the typical goose, is by no means a universal family feature; neither are long legs their peculiar birth-mark, for we meet with the

same in the long-legged tree-ducks (*Dendrocygna*). To make a long story short, the geese are a weariness of the flesh to the systematist, but a delight to the sportsman-naturalist and the evolutionist.

Since the evolutionist and the field-naturalist have more in common than the mere systematist, we may well leave the niceties of classification to those whom it may concern, and settle down to a brief survey of the contributions to our knowledge of these birds which the workers from these two standpoints have made.

As to the evolution question. All the evidence seems to show that the geese are the ancestral stock from which the swans on the one hand and the ducks on the other have been derived. We may, indeed, by a really beautiful series of links, trace out the gradual development of these types. First of all come the curious, ungoose-like, and ponderous screamers of South America. These are essentially land-birds, with a fondness for water, having the beak of a gallinaceous bird and the foot of a water-hen. From time immemorial they have lived on the leaves, roots, and seeds of aquatic plants; and hence it is that they differ so much from the typical geese and ducks in the form

of the beak. In course of time, as the descendants of these strange birds became more and more aquatic in their habits, the characteristic features of the goose tribe came into being. The first change appears to have been the development of horny tooth-like processes along the edges of the beak, and the development of a fleshy tongue, bordered by a fringe, such as we find in the modern geese. These characters are still more exaggerated in the swans, but reach their highest perfection in the ducks. Every possible gradation can be found, indeed, between the "teeth" of the geese and the marvellously delicate fringe of the shovellers. As a lesson in adaptation it would be impossible to find a more instructive theme than the bills of these birds. The screamers "pick up" their food after the fashion of fowls, and hence have similar beaks; the typical geese pluck short grass, seaweed, and other aquatic vegetation; the ducks have adopted a more varied diet. Many live largely on minute organisms, animal and vegetable, which are captured by taking water rapidly into the mouth, and expelling it by means of the tongue through the fringe along the edges



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DAME MARGARET HOBY'S TOMB.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



of the beak, leaving the solid matter in the mouth; just as baleen whales feed, in fact. Others feed solely on fish and shell-fish, and in them the beak is either long and narrow, as in the fish-eaters, and armed with recurved "teeth," or broad and flat, as in the scoters, which live largely on molluscs.

Simultaneously with the changes in the beak, brought about by the adoption of an aquatic life, the feet underwent a change, gradually increasing the size of the membrane connecting the toes at the base, until we got the half-webbed foot of the black-and-white goose *Anseranas*, and the *cereopsis* goose, and, finally, the enormous fully-webbed feet of the wholly aquatic diving ducks. The spur-winged goose (*Plectropterus*) and the screamers alone among the goose tribe—using this term in a wide sense—have developed offensive weapons in the shape of spurs in the wings. These are really formidable, and occur nowhere else save among certain plovers.

Among the geese we meet for the first time with certain peculiar bladder-like, but bony, expansions of the lower end of the windpipe, which, among the ducks, have become still further elaborated, reaching their maximum of development among the diving ducks. Indeed, in these birds there can be no doubt that it has become so hypertrophied as to be on the decadent scale. *Anseranas* struck out an original line, and coiled the windpipe in long coils under the skin of the breast! The swans have found a more excellent way of disposing of similar coils, inasmuch as they are stowed neatly away within the keel of the breast-bone! It is among the geese that we find the most primitive coloration of the nestling, inasmuch as in the *cereopsis* goose the young are conspicuously striped, as in the archaic ostriches and the gallinaceous birds.

So much, and a great deal more, which we may be permitted on a future occasion to recount, has the evolutionist managed to piece together of this, to the systematist, tangle of negations. What has the field-naturalist contributed? The record of his labours is no inglorious one; on the contrary, it is a story of hardship and privation, of dogged purpose and keen observation and resourcefulness. Nowhere, perhaps, have these facts been more admirably illustrated than in the monograph by Sergius Alphéraky, a translation of which has just been issued by Rowland Ward and Co. This is, perhaps, the most important contribution to our knowledge of these birds yet made. Herein the geese of Asia and Europe are described with a minuteness and care that leaves no point unnoticed, in so far as specific characters are concerned; while over and above this will be found most valuable observations in the life histories of these birds, penned, for the most part, from a first-hand acquaintance. It would be well, indeed, if some ornithologists we wot of could be induced to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest some passages in the introduction to this volume, especially those relative to the variations to be met with in the matter of the colours of soft parts, size of the beak, and so on, characters which the author shows in the most convincing manner are due to age, and even, occasionally, to the condition of the bird.

Commenting on the mental attributes of geese, the author remarks that the prevailing notion as to their stupidity is based on the observation of domesticated birds, and that, as a matter of fact, geese are unusually intelligent. Some of his descriptions of wild geese, however, hardly bear out his contention. For example, he tells us that the snow goose (*chen*) falls an easy victim to his arch-enemy, man, by a very simple ruse. In the country watered by the Kolyma and neighbouring rivers, the hunters kill vast numbers during the time when these birds are moulting, and consequently flightless. "In the spots to which the geese most resort are built huts with open doors. In the evening the hunter puts on a white shirt, or shuba, and, having stolen upon the flock, shows himself, and then creeps into the hut, upon which all the geese follow, and enter the hut, while the hunter, having passed through, closes the door, and, running to the other side, kills all the geese in the hut." Again, on the authority of Naumann, he relates a strange trait in the habits of the grey-lag, "namely, that sometimes (they) will fly off with their offspring from a large sheet of water to a smaller one, and back again, without visible cause, but with extraordinary persistence and obstinacy. When they have decided to abandon any particular water, they carry out their intention at any cost, even if all the goslings should perish in doing so. The feeble young in down when hardly two weeks old are transferred by their parents to other waters lying within a two or three hours' march across open fields or along country roads, past mills, and even through settlements, so that . . . the young often perish from the assaults of foes, or simply from the hardships of the journey." The author suggests that there is method in this madness, inasmuch as the birds are prompted by a desire to find safer and less accessible spots for moulting.

The geese and their allies, it is hardly necessary to remark here—like the flamingoes and some of the rail tribe—moult all the quill feathers at once, and thus for a season are absolutely flightless. During the period of helplessness countless thousands fall victims to man's rapacity.

That geese are expert divers on occasion is a fact that will probably come as a surprise to many, yet such is the case; and it is interesting to note that we owe to one of our own countrymen, Mr. A. O. Hume, the first observations on this head. In describing the habits of the grey-lag, from his observations on these birds in India, he remarks that these birds when hard pressed dive fairly well. Later, Mr. Trevor Battye discovered that the gosling at least of the white-fronted goose dived well; the only specimen, indeed, which he appears to have met with was captured by a dog after repeated dives to escape capture. Professor Menzbier remarks of the bean goose that it is an extremely cautious bird, and to escape danger will resort to diving. The author of the monograph now before us relates an instance of a bean goose, which he had slightly wounded, diving and reappearing in a few seconds some 200 paces off. "Having dived again it reappeared on the shore of the lake 400 paces off, and hid in the sedge." Similarly in the case of the swan goose (*Cygnopsis cygnoides*), we are told that, when threatened with danger, the old birds leave their young to themselves, which promptly escape by diving. While moulting, however, the old birds when pursued make for the water, and sink their bodies till only the head remains exposed, and where this is not sufficient they dive.

The loss of life inflicted by man on some species is appalling; either by nets or guns they are slain in thousands. As a consequence the breeding area of the grey-lag, for example, is contracting annually. The reclamation of land is another contributory cause to this war of extermination. According to Alphéraky this bird no longer breeds in Poland, the Tula province, and the Moscow province; in the latter it is no longer met with even on migration, and "there are many other places in European Russia where this bird has ceased to breed."

The white-fronted goose and bernicle goose are taken by the Samoyeds in thousands; this is done by driving the birds into nets while moulting. In a way there seems some sort of justification for this war of extermination, inasmuch as the victims furnish their captors with food for the whole year. In many cases, however, the down and feathers only are sought for. The red-breasted goose, for example (*Rufiventra ruficollis*), appears on migration in tens of thousands in the Transcaspien province. A Cossack officer describes an instance coming within his own experience on the Attrek, where hordes of these birds were shot down for the sake of their down and feathers only.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

## HEDGEROW TIMBER.

SINCE the popularisation of motor-cars became an accomplished fact, certain proposals have been put forward tentatively for the purpose of removing the trees that line our hedgerows. The excuse generally made is that they overshadow the road, and produce a dampness which is bad for travelling. We doubt, however, if there are many people who would accept this as a valid reason for the destruction of one of the most beautiful and interesting features of the English landscape, one, too, which is quite different from anything to be seen on the continent of Europe. An article, showing the value of hedgerow timber, which appears in the new number of a contemporary, comes at a very timely moment. The writer, Mr. A. C. Forbes, naturally begins by showing the origin of this kind of timber. He says, "Many of the older writers assume, or imply, that it was planted, and give copious directions for the operation." Probably some of them were planted, but most of the trees were, no doubt, self-sown. Our hedgerows themselves were formed about 200 years ago, when the wastes of the manor, or commons, were to such a large extent enclosed. Some of these wastes grew a considerable amount of timber, which was claimed by the lord of the manor. Mr. Forbes says:

"When the constant encroachments upon these wastes were made by the copyholders of the manor, such trees would be preserved in a general way, and as these encroachments usually took the form of long narrow strips or patches of ground, not exceeding an acre or so in extent, it is easily seen that a large number of trees must have stood in the line of the rough bank which separated the copyhold from the waste of the manor, and which thenceforth became hedgerow trees. In some cases, perhaps, trees may have been planted, or specially retained as boundary marks, and as such were regarded as permanent landmarks."

If we want to understand how these trees were kept up we have to remember that

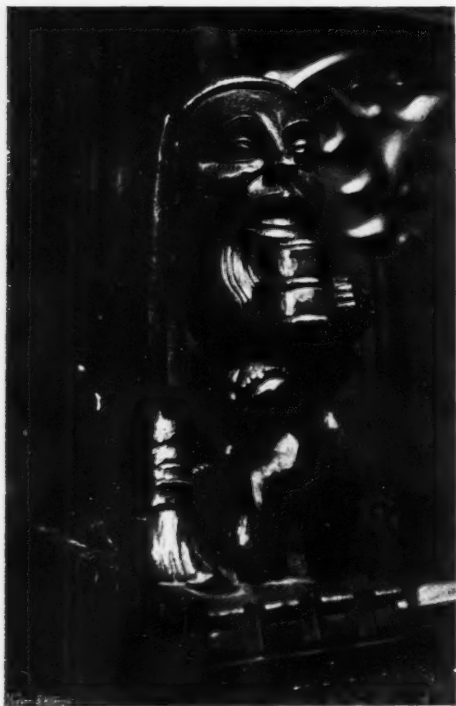
"The close, neatly-trimmed thorn or beech hedge is a very different thing to the old-fashioned bank and ditch, surmounted by a row of dead branches, thorns, or bushes, out of which was gradually evolved the 'stake and edder' fence, or the quickset hedge. Occasionally, especially along the boundary line of two neighbouring farms or estates, a narrow strip of ground was enclosed by a bank and ditch on either side, and was reserved for growing hazel, thorn, or other growth which could be used for 'setting' the banks from time to time. The tops of these banks formed, and still form to this day, more or less suitable seed-beds for the seeds of most indigenous forest trees, while species such as English elm and poplar, which produce root-suckers, will soon fill up such banks with a thick crop of saplings if left alone."

For many years the custom prevailed on the estate to pay hedge-cutters one penny for every sapling that was saved. As shelter it is difficult to estimate exactly the value of wayside trees. Where sheep and dairy farming are pursued to a large extent there can be no doubt at all that the livestock derive great benefit from the shade of the trees; but, on the other hand, if the timber be not well chosen, it will draw an amount of support from the arable land that will scarcely be paid for by the value

of the timber. Mr. Forbes holds, and rightly, that the value of hedgerow trees as producers of timber depends very much upon the species, and he is very much in favour of the English elm; for, though the specific value of the timber is not high, its tall, straight, and well-shaped bole, its comparatively small crown, and the rapidity of its growth are very advantageous, while it propagates itself rapidly from suckers. Hedges also do very well under it—much better than under oaks, and, of course, beech is fatal to them.

## BENCH-ENDS, OLD AND NEW.

THE wood-carvings of the choir-stalls in the cathedrals of Chester and Manchester have hardly hitherto received the attention that they undoubtedly deserve. In common with most other arts of the later Middle Ages, that of wood-carving in England has suffered, generally, from neglect and misrepresentation. The assertion is still too frequently made that we owe all the best work of this



THE CHOIR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL

kind to alien artists, a generalisation based on two or three fairly authentic cases which have formed the common stock of writers on the subject. But a more reasonable view of the question shows that this theory is by no means tenable. The number of ecclesiastical buildings fitted with fine woodwork throughout the country during the fifteenth century was so great, that nothing but a national school of sculpture could have satisfied the large, widespread, and nearly simultaneous demand for the quaint but admirable devices which adorned the stalls and miserere seats of almost every monastic church of importance. This can only be realised adequately by an examination, wider than heretofore, of surviving specimens, such as those now before us; a comparison of them with other examples of contemporary arts; and especially the making of a careful record—photographic, accompanied by measurements, for choice—of every fragment of old work still in existence. From this point of view the carvings of Chester and Manchester offer a peculiarly inviting field to the student. Their proximity to each other, the excellence of the work in both cases, as well as the known connection of certain great families with the making of it, would seem

to give great promise of fruitful results to such an enquiry. The Chester carvings are the earlier in date, having been, in all probability, executed at the order of Simon Ripley, the twenty-third abbot, who died in 1492. In their time they have suffered many indignities, all of which have, doubtless, been laid to the charge of Cromwell's soldiers. These fanatics certainly did much damage, but that they are not to be held responsible for everything the

following evidence will prove. In the report of a commission on the state of Chester Cathedral, held by order of the Archbishop of York, and dated August 27th, 1633, we find the condition of the cathedral set forth in no doubtful terms: "The said church was very undecent and unseemly, the stalls thereof being patched and peeced, and some broken, and some higher than other." With one exception—at the end of the seventeenth century—no serious attempt at a maintenance of the fabric in a state of common decency was made until 1818; and it was only in the course of the final restoration, inaugurated in 1868, that the stalls were cleansed, repaired, and set in their present excellent

order. The new work, it may be remarked, has been done with unusual sympathy and respect for the old. The subjects of the bench-ends and of the miserere seats are of the prevailing types—grotesque, often symbolical, often humorous, and always essentially decorative. A rare and remarkable example is the Tree of Jesse, which is very seldom found in this form. The seated figure at the elbow appears to be a pilgrim, but its interest lies in the typically English, one might say North Country, face, with its clean-shaven upper lip, and look of strong character and determination. This, at least, hardly suggests foreign workmanship. At Manchester the



THE TREE OF JESSE.



H. Walker.

CHANCEL, TIDESWELL CHURCH.

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bench-carvings are somewhat later, and their history is fairly well known, at all events so far as the facts that those on the north side were erected by Richard Beck, a merchant of the city, and bear his initials; while the opposite range of stalls was due to the generosity of Bishop Stanley, third son of Thomas Stanley, created Earl of Derby in 1485. Bishop Stanley was Warden of Manchester in 1481, and succeeded to the bishopric of Ely in 1506, so we may assume the stalls to have been made between those dates. He died at Manchester on March 22nd, 1515. The elbow ornaments and panels suggest a connection with this family in several ways. The subject of a relief on the Dean's stall is the old crest which the Stanleys derived from the Lathams of Latham, County Lancashire—the so-called "bird and bantling"—concerning which it is related in an old Visitation of Lancashire, now in the College of Arms, that a child having been found in an eagle's nest, and adopted by a Latham, the incident gave rise to the famous badge. The panel depicts the whole scene, with the people looking upwards at the eagle, who for this purpose has conveniently built an unusual nest in a tree-top. Other stalls have the Stanley supporters—a griffin on one, and a mutilated figure of the stag, "ducally collared with line reflexed over the back," on the other.

A notable piece of good heraldic treatment is exhibited in a panel with the old arms of Delawarr displayed on a shield—not Cantilupe, as stated by some writers on the subject. The dragon above is unusually good. The lion, whose head has also suffered severe mutilation, is probably another instance of heraldic suggestion, a source of this kind of imagery which has been too much neglected by those who have been desirous of placing it in its correct period. The carving of the late fifteenth century generally displays a very considerable technical skill. The wood is used in good broad masses, and boldly worked with due regard for its nature and growth. Subjects chosen are almost always treated conventionally, if with a certain crudeness. The so-called satires on monastic habits had probably far less force in their own day than they appear, to our greater sensitiveness, to possess. The wit and humour of periods later than the



H. Walker. CHOIR, TIDESWELL CHURCH.

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Reformation would be accounted mere vulgar abuse nowadays; and if a similar allowance be made for the miserere carvings, we need consider them as merely the fashionable joke of the period. The grotesque birds and beasts are derived in some degree from the old "Bestiaries," or Books of Beasts, but they occur very frequently in the decorations of illuminated service-books and Bibles. No monastic institution was without an equipment of this kind, generally rich enough in decoration to furnish themes for all the craftsmen who were employed about their churches; and it is pretty certain that this means of obtaining patterns was in common use for a considerable time before the Reformation, and that the carvers of the later Perpendicular period were, however skilful of hand, frequently indebted to earlier work for their ideas.

It is very interesting to compare the work of a modern carver with examples such as those which illustrate this article. In the beautiful Decorated church of Tideswell, Derbyshire, are a number of bench-ends by a local sculptor, Mr. Advent Hunstone, which may be said to be exercises in a style nearly akin to that of the Manchester and Chester stalls. It would be somewhat unfair to judge them by that standard, nevertheless; for the causes that produced the characteristics of fifteenth century style can hardly have been operative in the modern version of it. But Mr. Hunstone has succeeded in giving us simple, effective figures, well posed and reverently pictured. His drapery is skilfully dealt with, and the only fault that can be suggested is in the over-decoration of the finials. How far he has followed old models we have not been informed, but in any case, it would have been better to have omitted the little scene of the "Annunciation" from the poppy-head, here reproduced. It looks somewhat too insignificant in comparison with the really fine figure beside it. One would wish, in conclusion, to take this opportunity to make an appeal to all lovers of mediæval art to cherish every fragment they possess of the real old work. We hear stories of restorations—when the ancient carving either disappears, or is "given away" to private persons. Under no circumstances should any of it be alienated entirely from public use. If it cannot be preserved in the church of its origin, there are yet many museums. And, again, there is the necessity of making records of the beautiful craftsmanship of our forefathers. Every stall, every bench-end, every miserere seat should be measured, photographed, described, and the result deposited in one of our national museums. Only by systematic work of this kind can material be accumulated for a real study of the older arts of Great Britain—a subject better worthy of labour than many critics have yet imagined for a carving, such as that in the first



H. Walker. CHOIR, MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL. Copyright

illustration, of the drunkard lifting a tankard, which the devil below is pushing up to his lips, is a conception that throws light alike on the mind and age in which it was conceived, and on the simple minds which it was intended to influence. To these the sermon of the rude woodwork would appeal as no eloquence from the pulpit could, and the artist may have succeeded where the preacher failed.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

## MIDSUMMER CHATTER.

WAKING about dawn this morning (the day is Friday, June 9th), I heard the half whisper, half hiss of steady rain, while a distant roaring sound from a fir wood on the hilltop, and a fitful blustering in the garden trees, told all too well that the cold north-east wind of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday had returned. It was disappointing, because there had been enough rain; and the sunshine we wanted had seemed promised by the tolerable brightness of Thursday afternoon. The promise was too evidently broken. Here this morning was the cold splashing wet once more.

By a pleasant coincidence, as it proved, reading some hours later in Pepys's Diary for 1663 I came to the following entry: "July 1st—This morning it rained so hard (though it was fair yesterday and we thereupon in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted this three months) that it wakened Creed, who lay with me last night, and me, and so we up. . . ." I read so far and paused, smitten by the reality of the thing. There were discrepancies, it is true, and great ones, but there was also a most lifelike resemblance between my morning and Pepys's. It was as if I was living in his time, or he in mine. How well I was able to picture—for the very thing was happening now—that pouring July morning to which England, and not Pepys alone, woke nearly two centuries and a-half ago! For though his London was a different place, his England would not be so unimaginable. To adopt an expression of his own, "at the very moment while he was writing those words," here in West Surrey drenched trees would be shivering in the wind, turning up the pale under-side of their tossed foliage, just as now when I write; larks would be singing, lost to view up in the grey rain, and irrepressible thrushes whistling in the hedges, and sparrows fussily chirping under cottage eaves. And through all villages and country towns the disgusted people would be telling one another, as Pepys doubtless told many and still tells us, how the rain woke them up, and how they really had hoped, after yesterday's



BENCH ENDS, MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



H. Walker.

BENCH ENDS, IDESWELL

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sun-shine, to get some nice, kind weather at last. It was a stimulating, and presently it became an impressive, fancy, as I realised how, underneath all the so-called important things we write about and read about, another and quieter, altogether more vast and unchangeable, stream of interests has continuously occupied us in England, filling out our life and making it really worth living.

Then a most vain wish came—that Pepys had found time to record not only his own and Mr. Creed's share in this living under-current, but that of others, the ordinary, common people up and down the country. I would have had him say how they bore themselves that wet morning. But the wish gave way to speculation. Looking forward another 240 years or so, to some wet and chilly June morning, will there not be found an Englishman, reading, it may be, of the King of Spain's visit, who will wistfully regret that nobody at this time thought worth while to record how the common people, not kings or State secretaries, were affected by this rainy week? How, for example, did the villagers in this parish take it? The great under-current that fills out life is going on here to-day, and is as well worth noting as in 1663. How people live, and not how they are disturbed in living, is the important thing; and if but a week, or even a single day, of the ordinary village existence could be truly set down, it would have more fascination than the records of exceptional events for a twelvemonth, because it would be so much more vividly alive.

It needed but this to bring back to memory with a new significance some of yesterday's almost unheeded talk. In the uncertain sunshine of the afternoon, farmers at the town market had spoken of the three preceding wet days. In their grudging way they reckoned that the rain had come too late to make much improvement in the hay crop. Still, the rain was welcome, and—well, their opinions and the tone of their voices became in the memory invigorating, being so intrinsic a part of the endless life of England's country districts.

Not less so afterwards was the quiet, innocent prattle of an old villager hobbling homewards very slowly because "his feet was so bad." "What a beautiful rain we've had," he said, in purring, soft voice: "it come so steady, without any runse." (Without washing out channels in the garden ground, he meant.) "And now if we gets some warm sunshine, won't the things go ahead! Did that frost touch ye much, in the end of May?" I fell in with his humour, which was, like the early evening, trying to be sunny in a tired fashion, and said, "No, not much; you see, I lie so sheltered." "That's a good job. It cut off all my taters and runner beans, and I fetched 'em all up the next evenin' and sowed again. . . . No, not the taters; only the beans. Last year I sowed my beans in April, and I was pickin' early in



July. Comin' so nice and for'ard I got fo'pence a pound for 'em, and that made it worth while, 'cause 'twarn't no trouble to put three or four pound into my basket and take into the town when I went to work o' mornin's. But if you be late plantin', then the autumn frostis comes and nips 'em off. I be late this year; still, this rain 'll help 'em. 'Twas a beautiful rain. The Lord very soon answered the prayers. I s'pose there was prayers put up all over the country for it Sunday, and 'twas sent o' Monday."

"All over the country," at any rate, one might imagine this same grateful talk going up, as a most intimate part of English country life; not often, I think, with so much avowed piety—for that struck a note I seldom hear—but with no less cordial appreciation. And when from the hilltop one saw, later in the evening, enormous storm-clouds pillaring up again in the north-east, drifting gloomily overhead, obscuring the blue and mingling with grey vapour and scud, one felt that all over the country rustic people were anxiously watching the sky, and, like this one I heard, protesting that what we want now is some nice warm weather.

It did not come, any more than when Pepys desired it. And so, in the cold wet rain before noon a man I saw over a garden hedge hilling potatoes straightened himself, looked fretful, and remarked, "It's very cold for June. The wind keeps here so," and he motioned towards the north-east. "If please Gawd we could get her round in that quarter" (he pointed south-westwards), "that 'd be what we wants now—nice warm summer weather." He spoke of peas, and learning that mine were almost ready for picking, asked their sort, and was told "Gem of the Season." "Gem?" he

queried; "what, then? Be they a shrivelled pea? Years ago I had a 'Gem,' and they come in a fortnight earlier than any others. Such a little low-growin' pea! Well, nine inches would be a tall one among 'em. They grewed in clumps, all bushy, with pods stickin' out all over the top. But it's years since I seen any of 'em." That was this morning. In the afternoon the man in my own garden said, "I thought you'd ha' had peas to pick for Whit-Sunday. And so you would if there'd come sun yesterday and to-day. It wanted that rain, but it wanted the sunshine now. As 'tis there won't hardly be a cookin'." Later still, the poor old man Bettesworth, whom I saw as he lay in bed, asked, among other things, relative to the garden he will hardly see again, "Have ye picked any peas yet,

sir? Not yet? Oh, I thought p'rhaps you would. So-and-so picked some last week, they says. But the weather is so onkind, with this rain every day . . . but there, sure, we shouldn't ha' got nothing at all without it."

Did the country people talk so in Pepys's time? He has not told. But so they talk in the villages to-day. And monotonous though it is—like the twittering of sparrows—yet what were the country without all this simple chatter? The quickset hedgerows, and the grassy banks beneath them, are monotonous too—and pleasant. And even as they imperceptibly change while the summer goes over them, drenching them with rain or

parching them with drought, so the average village talk changes and keeps step in the procession of the year. What English country people say normally is, in fact, not one man's idea in particular, nor another's; it is a sort of national crop, which indicates by its progress the season that is passing. And it is strange how true to its time it comes. Looking back through my journal, I find it noted that on June 13th, 1899, old Bettesworth was talking of his peas fit to pick, and was wishing for a shower. On June 10th, 1903, the first rain had fallen of what afterwards proved such a disastrous summer; snails were coming out from the hedgerows, and men on the roads were saying to one another (as probably they did in the earlier downfalls of 1663), "Nice rain!" On the same day, Bettesworth, hilling potatoes, showed me his old-fashioned hand-made beck, and told how it used to belong to his wife's grandfather. I turn on to 1904: June 20th is the date of the nearest entry, where it is related how Bettesworth, hilling potatoes, discoursed of the beck he was using, which his wife's old grandfather

had once owned. I had forgotten, and so had he, that he had spoken of this a year previously, just as one forgets the very existence of certain flowers until a day comes and there they are. The season brings them out, and these country observations too, every one at its appointed time.

When Pepys's date comes—July 1st by the old style, or July 11th (is it?) by the new—about what shall we be talking? Of the weather, of course; more happily, we will hope, than in 1663; but besides the weather, of what else should we chatter, save of "broad" or "garden" beans? It is as certain to come as the scritch of the grasshoppers; and I know as well what will be said on or about July 11th, by rustics all over the Southern Counties, as if their voices were already audible. They



B. C. Wickison.

MORNING IN MIDSUMMER.

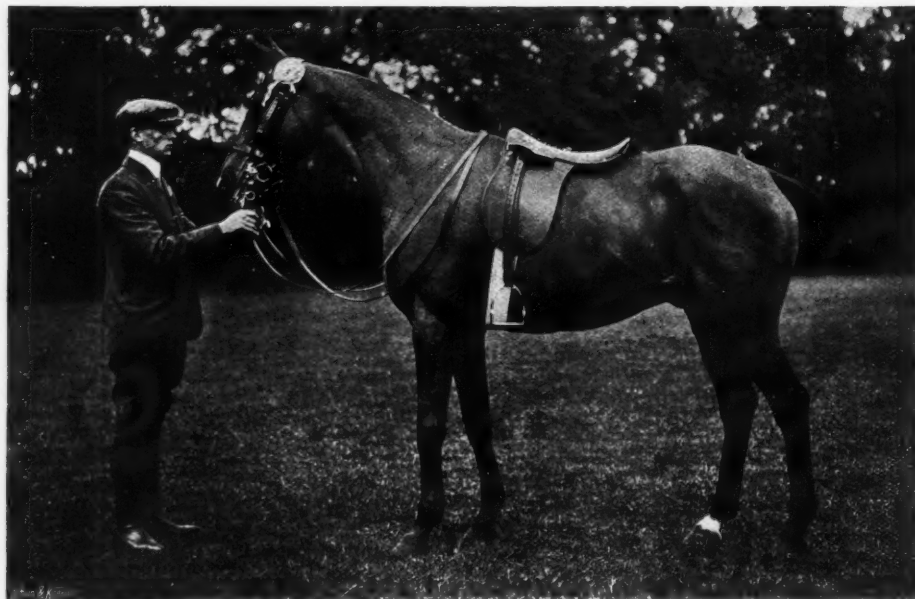
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W. A. Rouch.

WORCESTER.

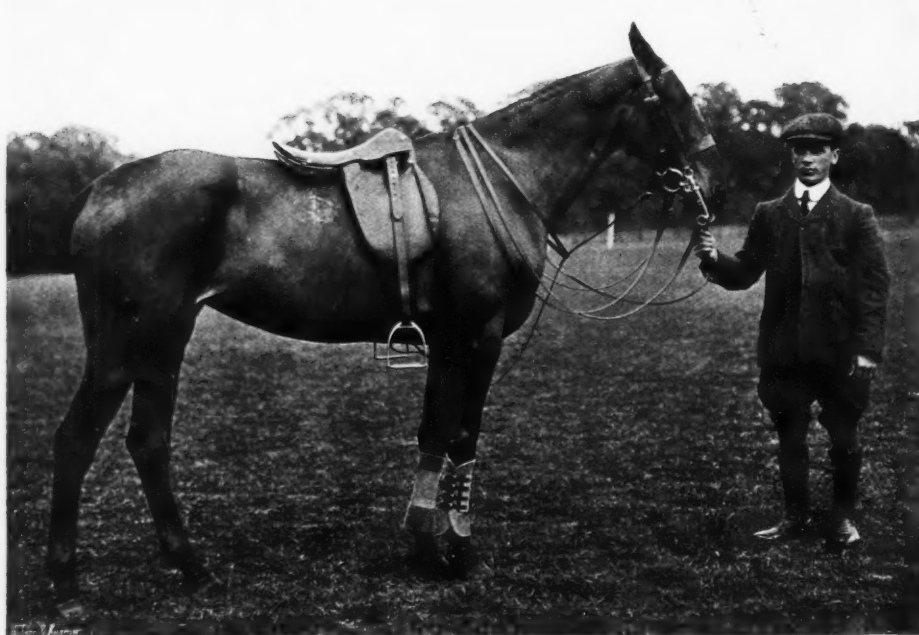
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MESSRS. MILLER'S BAYLEAF.

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will affirm, "I likes to have one mess o' beans, and then I don't want no more." That is the normal expression, the proper seasonable opinion; and though you may have heard it in previous summers over and over again, still, if you have a genuine delight in English country life, you will not find it tedious, but welcome. You will be glad to hear it again. It belongs to the country. It comes in with the roses.

GEORGE BOURNE.

## POLO PONIES OF THE DAY.

THE polo ponies which are most in favour at the present time are those of the hunter stamp. Picture to yourself the horse you would like to ride across Leicestershire or Northamptonshire on. Reduce it from 16.1 to 14.2, Hurlingham measurement, and you have the polo pony of 1905. Let us take, for example, Worcester, whose photograph illustrates this article. She is not only of hunter type, but hunter-bred. We do not believe that she has any pony blood in her, though, of course, this is always possible, but it would be difficult to find an animal that fills the eye more as a polo pony. The perfect forehead will be noted, and if one might desire a little more power behind the saddle, there must always be something to criticise. But the proof of the polo pony is in the game, and this pony's present owner, Captain Miller, has said that no better polo pony in a game can be. Better even than Matchbox; but that famous mare was not quite everybody's mount, and, perhaps, if we class the Hurlingham first prize winner with Luna, or Syren, or My Girl, whom we have seen in the Champion Cup, we have said enough. Sceptre is another pony well known for good deeds, and she looks equal to any reasonable weight in any game. Bayleaf is a very nice pony, though I have the bad taste to prefer Mr. G. A. Miller's Bunny Rabbit, which seems to me to be very much what a polo pony should be. If you want looks, scope, and manners, there is Mr. Garland's Dr. Horace, a little old now, but none the worse for that, since many playing ponies rather ripen with age. In the first ties of the Champion Cup did we not see Rugby, when hard pressed by the Magpies, turn to the old and tried friends, and the game pulled, as it were, out of the fire by their aid? When Rugby—Mr. W. Jones, Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain Miller, and Mr. C. D. Miller—met the Magpies—Captain Jenner, Mr. Thynne, Mr. H. M. Brassey, and the Duke of Roxburghe—it seemed as if the latter team were only courting defeat. What chance could they have? As a matter of fact, whether or no Rugby were below their form, it was really luck that helped them to a victory. A ball striking a goal-post, the eye of an umpire discerning two very obvious off-sides—these three chances might have changed the fate of the Champion Cup. As it was, Rugby just got home by a single goal, after a match of which, on the whole, they had not the best. But to have ponies so well tried as they have, is an advantage; the very sight of old Luna's square head is enough to cheer a friend or dispirit an adversary. Mr. Charles Miller himself would be the first to tell you that when he rides



My Girl he feels himself able to repel any attack on his goal. There were some new ponies. Mr. G. A. Miller, who has usually favoured the short, compact, handy, sharp ponies, was riding a chestnut with a bang tail, of the type we are rather accustomed to associate with Lord Shrewsbury, and apparently getting on well with it. He went back in the next ten to a pony of the Nipcat stamp. I could not see that Mr. George Miller was much less effective than he used to be, though his accident must be a handicap. But the best pony we saw during the afternoon was Mr. C. T. Garland's Buckingham. It was lent to Mr. Cecil Nickalls, and whether it was the pony, or whether the player was in form, he hit no less than three successive goals, all notable enough, from its back. This pony Buckingham is a whole-coloured light bay, an animal with a beautifully laid shoulder, a very deep girth, excellent back, loins, and quarters, and would be notable in any class of polo ponies. Roehampton, with the help of Mr. C. Nickalls and Buckingham, played a good game against Mr. Grenfell's team. It seems a commonplace to say that it was a better game than the score indicates. Yet I think that those who saw it at Hurlingham on Monday will agree that in this case this is something more than a phrase inserted to save the feelings of the defeated team. Captain Courage played a fine game, and it was no fault of his or of Mr. E. B. Sheppard that their

team did not make a better show in scoring. The fact was they were meeting Roehampton, who seem to be the best team of this season, on their day. Very little behind the Roehampton men came the Magpies, who played a wonderful game, Captain Jenner and the Duke of Roxburghe being brilliant. Mr. Brassey was very unlucky in having to leave the team at critical moments, but when he settled down to his white pony he played well, some of his back-handers being wonderful in their force and accuracy.

So far as I have seen, and that is as far as the Champion Cup and the shows have revealed them, we have a most noteworthy entry of good ponies this year, besides the old-established tournament ponies. The polo pony does not soon grow old or stale, and Buckingham, Worcester, Ragman, Bunny Rabbit, and one or two more remain in one's mind as being worthy to stand side by side with such old-time celebrities as Charlton, Matchbox, Black Bella, and others whom there is no space to mention. If anything, our polo ponies do somewhat improve each year, even among the best, while the next class tread much more closely on their heels than they used to do five or ten seasons ago. We shall look forward to the Ranelagh Show, coming, as it does, next Saturday, at the height of the season, to show us what more cracks there are yet to come. X.

## SEA-BIRDS IN JUNE.

SINCE the publication of our article on this subject in the Summer Number, several additional letters have come to hand, from which we select for publication a few that we think will have special interest for our readers. The first is a brief note from St. Kilda, that islet "set far amid the melancholy main." It is from the postmaster, and he says that, so far as his experience goes, there is no decrease in the number of birds brooding, but that the fulmar is increasing in numbers. Since going to the island, he has not noticed much change in the avifauna, though the gannet has been more abundant during the last few years, and some eagles have lately visited the island. He adds, although this subject does not directly appertain to sea-birds, that in the summer swallows come to St. Kilda every year.

From the almost equally-distant Orkneys, Mr. Thomas Kent, whose photographs have often appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, sends the following note:

"Referring to your enquiry about sea-birds in this neighbourhood, I have pleasure in answering same and reporting as follows: 1. There has been no diminution in their numbers this year. On the contrary, puffins, cormorants, terns, and gulls are plentiful, and in the case of the last-mentioned there has been a considerable (and regrettable) increase. Mr. D. J. Robertson, solicitor, Kirkwall, who is a keen observer, says that he has noticed the puffins arriving at the island of Hoy in the spring and remaining for three or four days. Then they all disappear for a week, and return to commence nesting. He thinks that the first arrivals are the male birds, who make arrangements for and return with their partners. 2. There have been no appreciable changes in times of arrival, nesting, or departure. The terns arrived about May 13th this year—the usual time. 3. The only new species of sea-bird noticed in Orkney is the fulmar petrel, which is nesting in Hoy this year, and arrived here three (perhaps four) years ago."

We have had another valuable contribution from Scotland, which also comes from one with whose photographs and articles our readers are familiar, viz., Mr. Seton Gordon, who writes from Auchintoul, Aboyne, N.B.:

"I regret that your letter re the sea-birds has so long remained unanswered, but you see I am over thirty miles from the seacoast, so it takes some time to make reliable observations. Yesterday I visited what is probably the largest colony of terns in this county, and found that, if anything, the common tern has increased since last season, and this notwithstanding that most of the eggs are harried. I found fifteen lesser terns' nests, and should think there were thirty or forty pairs nesting. They are very confiding, and return to the nest even though you may be watching them. The black-headed gull is also breeding with the terns on the sand-dunes, which is, I think, unusual. I found four nests of the eider-duck. I found a



Wyles.

HOVERING OVER THEIR FOOD.

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nest of what was probably a roseate tern, which is seldom met with so far North. . . . I have also visited a favourite nesting site of the razor-bill, guillemot, puffin, and kittiwake. There seemed to be a slight decrease of the kittiwake and puffin, but the razor-bills and guillemots were, if possible, more numerous than ever, as were also the herring-gulls. As regards the land-birds, there is a slight decrease of the willow-warbler, and a marked decrease of the ring-ousel. The curlews arrived on the moors about March 15th, together with the golden plover and redshank; but numbers were killed by the severe storm of April, when the roads on Upper Donside were for a week almost impassable owing to the huge snow-wreaths. The curlews, redshanks, golden plovers, lapwings, etc., suffered terrible privations, and were at the end of the storm so weak that they could scarcely call at all. They were all in large flocks. The sandpipers arrived about April 18th in about the same numbers as usual. The oyster-catchers also are breeding on the river Dee in large numbers, but do not seem to call so frequently as usual. I have noticed also that the missel-thrush sang less frequently than is ordinarily the case, and I have not heard him in song since May 29th. The cuckoo is also, I think, less abundant than formerly, and I have not seen so many netting woodcock as during last season. I hope these notes may prove of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE."

While another contributor, who is also a well-known naturalist, adds something to our knowledge. His special domain is Lundy Island, but, as will be seen, he was in the Farne Islands when our note arrived. Mr. A. J. R. Roberts writes:

"Last year was the first that the gannet failed to lay an egg on the island (Lundy). About fourteen birds came in, and four or five pairs began

to build, but were disturbed continually and finally left. The watcher placed on the island was practically useless; twenty would scarcely be sufficient. During the last five years I have noticed no decrease at Lundy in the numbers of birds nesting, but some people say, 'the birds are nothing to what they used to be.' There always are people like that, and I do not suppose there can really be much difference. Practically no guillemots' eggs were gathered there last season, but that probably will not affect the numbers, as the bird is capable of laying several times. I have been visiting the Farnes for the last fortnight, and stayed with the watchers on the various islands. The birds there are distinctly 'late,' and the small colony of Arctic tern on the 'Brownman' is only commencing to lay now. I saw a solitary ivory gull



Gibson.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Penzance.

there, and a good number of turnstone (non-breeders), and the remnant of a flock of purple sandpiper."

To what we said before on the Scilly Islands the following two letters will prove interesting additions:

"There is not much difference to be noticed here amongst the sea-birds, nor in their usual habits. If anything, the kittiwake gulls are not so numerous; but, on the other hand, puffins, shearwaters, and razor-bills seem to have increased in number. Guillemots have also apparently decreased."—W. TREVILLICK.

"In answer to your letter of enquiry concerning the birds here, I have been on the islands twenty-two years, and as far as I can judge the sea-birds are much as usual, with the exception of two classes: (1) the common tern (*Sterna fluvialis*), which does not breed so freely on the islands as formerly, and one only sees a few pairs in the breeding season, though it used to be plentiful and breed freely, and (2) the shag (*Phalacrocorax graculus*) are rapidly increasing, and are very numerous. There are two other classes, yearly visitors, hoopoe and golden oriole. The first I have not seen for three years, and only one or two orioles in a season now."—J. A. WHITE.

In conclusion we have to thank our correspondents for their interesting and valuable communications.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### HAND AND MACHINE SHEEP-SHEARING.

SOME little time ago an interesting contest took place at Bentham between two North Country clippers and a shearing-machine against which they were pitted. Frequenters of agricultural shows know the operation of the mechanical process very well, and no doubt opinions differ as to its efficacy. For our own part, we have always somewhat objected to the use of the machine, because it involved a certain amount of cruelty. Possibly enough means will be found to avert this in future, and it may be that the writer has been somewhat unfortunate in the examples he has witnessed; but he can only attest what he has seen with his own eyes, and that was that the sheep were somewhat mauled about by the clipper. In the time test referred to the hand-shearers won easily, completing their score of sheep before the machine had finished its seventh, the time of the two men averaging, respectively, 4min. 51sec. and 5min. 3sec., while the machine had to be allowed time for readjustment now and again. Expedition was in this case the only test, and, as regards that, the hand beat the machine hollow; nor did the operators accomplish their feat in record time either, as a sheep has been shorn in 2½min. The sheep used in this contest were twenty

Scotch wether hogs and twenty half-breds, the latter being crosses of Scotch black-faced ewes and Wensleydales. It was put forward as an excuse that a novice had been employed to turn the handle of the machine, and on this account 20 per cent. of the time actually employed was wasted. It was admitted that the shearing of the machine was closer than that by hand, but that was the only thing that could be said in its favour.

### FAT AND THE MILKING INTERVAL.

In the Wisconsin experiment station a herd of about thirty-eight cows and five bulls has been maintained for the last six years for the purpose of investigating the composition of milk, butter, and cheese. They have found out many things of practical use to the farmer. One is the vast difference in the quantity of food needed by different cows for the production of a unit of milk or of butter fat. Roughly speaking, the cows of the Wisconsin herd could be divided into three classes, of which one group produced 28lb. of milk, the second 23lb., and the third 18lb. of milk per day. It was found that on an average each group consumed very nearly the same quantity of food; the best cows produced 100lb. of milk on food containing 89lb. of dry matter, while the cows giving medium and low yields consumed for the same result 105lb. and 125lb. of dry matter. It is therefore obvious that cows giving the largest yield were by far the most profitable. The proportion of butter fat was not found to vary to any considerable extent by the style of feeding, but seemed to be determined by the inbred characteristics of the cow. Supplementary to this we may refer to the experiments made in the laboratory of the Agricultural College at Reading, which proved that a long interval between milkings leads to a diminution of fat,

and this is supported by what has been ascertained at the Yorkshire College. It has always been a difficulty with dairy farmers that the morning's milk was poorer in quality than that obtained in the evening, and Dr. Crowther of the Yorkshire College holds that this can be amended by equalising the periods between successive milkings.

### WHERE EGGS COME FROM.

Many people would probably be surprised to know from what different and distant countries the eggs come which are used in English households. Siberia exports enormous quantities of both eggs and butter to Western Europe, and the name of Egypt is probably even more unfamiliar as an egg-producing country for the English market. Yet during the last twelve months the export of eggs from Egypt very nearly amounted to the enormous total of 60,000,000, and of these only a seventh part were sent to other European countries than our own. The trade, moreover, is undergoing a period of depression at present, owing to the prevalence of chicken cholera on the Egyptian holdings, and the unwillingness of the fellahen to take any preventive measures. On the other hand, these Egyptian eggs now fetch more than double the price they did seven or eight years ago.

### VILLAGE BANKS IN ENGLAND.

According to the latest information that we have at hand nine village co-operative credit societies have now been established in England. Their object, as we need scarcely say, is to enable small cultivators such as market gardeners or allotment holders to obtain advances at a low rate of interest. The occasions when money is wanted are usually for the purchase of cows, sheep, and pigs, the paying of working expenses on small holdings and allotments, the repairing of tomato and cucumber houses, and the purchase of seeds and manure. The rate of interest varies, but is not allowed to exceed 6 per cent., or one shilling per month on £10. There are three Lincolnshire societies, at Scawby, Spalding, and Friskney; one at Hedge End in Hampshire, and one at Wigginhall in Norfolk, one at Freeby in Leicestershire, one at Clophill in Bedfordshire, and two in Worcestershire. The Scawby society was established in 1894, and in the first ten years of its existence lent out £1,032 in 38 loans. Last year it had 29 members and a reserve fund of £35. Its history is very typical of that of the others, and some good work has been placed to the credit even of those which were started only in the course of last year.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A CURIOUS MOUSE-TRAP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The mouse-trap figured in *COUNTRY LIFE* of the 17th inst. is similar to one we always used in the forties and fifties of the last century, with the exception that the blocks were square and not round. The reason "E. Broughton" cannot set the trap is that the treadle is missing. It should be a round, thin piece of wood, with a projecting piece that will play up and down in the slit. There must be a notch cut across into which one end of the piece of wood on the string seen in the picture goes. The other end is placed in the notch which is visible near the bottom of the suspended block. Its weight will hold up the treadle. A little meal should be put on the treadle; the mouse will enter, and its weight release the treadle. Death by flattening will be the result.—A. C.

## NATURE NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Under one of your headings on shooting notes in your issue of Saturday, June 10th, you speak of nine stoats being caught in a trap in a hollow tree, one after the other; but I am inclined to think you ascribe the fact to the wrong reason. I do not think there is any special attraction for birds to nest or for vermin to frequent hollow trees, and I would ascribe the real reason to two facts which most gamekeepers know, or should, namely, that there is no bait for the weasel race like the dead body of a comrade, which they will come very long distances in search of, and that they are very easily snared. The nest of the magpie is, in my experience, nearly always in a deciduous tree, near the top, and has two entrances, one at each side, the nest being covered over on the top. This, no doubt, is to hide the eggs from passing crows, as well as to prevent the necessity of turning in the nest, which would injure the bird's long and handsome tail. In your article on sea-birds in June, you say that the eider-ducks sit very close, even allowing one to lift them and count their eggs; but many birds will do this, it depending on how near the chicks are to leaving the shell. I lifted a sitting grouse once in the same way, but I found the eggs were all chipped.—NATURALIST.

## SEA-BIRDS NESTING INLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My letter of the other day is not, I think, quite as plain as it might be. Of course it is no new thing for redshanks to nest inland, any more than for ringed plovers, dunlins, and oyster-catchers; but it seems to me interesting to find them seeking out new localities inland, especially those near London. It is, I think, rather an interesting fact that Middlesex should be found a locality for nesting of ringed plovers and redshanks, and also that sewage farms are proving so attractive to shore birds at all seasons of the year.—R. B. LODGE.

## "DOWNRIGHT SHIPPEN."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

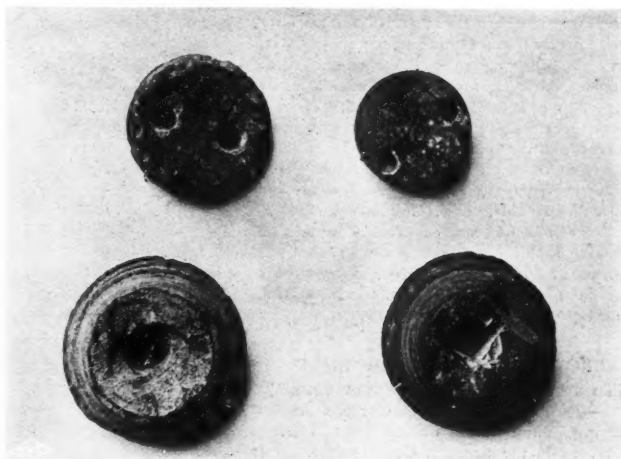
SIR,—In the admirably-illustrated account of Holland House which appears in the current number of *COUNTRY LIFE*, there is reference made to the "Downright Skipper." Pope has made us acquainted with "Downright Shippen," but who was the "Downright Skipper"?—RUTLAND.

[We are afraid that His Grace the Duke of Rutland must add one more to the long tale of printers' errors. "William Shippen," who was sent to the Tower in 1718, used to say of himself and Sir Robert Walpole: "Robin and I are two honest men; though he is for King George and I am for King James."—ED.]

## KIMMERIDGE COAL MONEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Except those with antiquarian instincts, probably few people beyond the confines of Wessex are familiar with these curious relics of a bygone age. To local tradition, which has so often handed down to us events of unwritten history, we owe the suggestion of the probable use of these interesting little discs. On the Dorset Coast, in the Isle of Purbeck, to the west of St. Alban's Head, an outcrop occurs of bituminous shale, which extends more or less for some miles. As a source of fuel this shale, or coal, has been worked from very early times, and is, to the present day, used by the cottagers of Kimmeridge, its chief drawbacks being an unpleasant odour and a smoke heavily charged with soot. Some of this shale is of so compact a texture that it is capable of being worked into ornamental articles, taking a



high polish similar to jet. The Romans, when occupying this part of Dorset, discovered not only the properties of this deposit as a fuel, but also its capabilities of being turned in a lathe into rings, beads, and armlets, which were, no doubt, readily purchased by the ladies in the important town of Durnovaria (Dorchester), a few miles distant. Some estimate may be formed of the magnitude of this industry by the number of discs which have been discovered from time to time in the neighbourhood, as they are, without doubt, the cores or centres left after turning articles of ornament. These discarded discs have been invariably found, carefully hidden away under the surface of the ground, at a depth of some 2ft., sometimes with or in Roman pottery, and sometimes between two flat stones, placed on edge, covered with a third stone at the top. That they were carefully stored and hidden away is beyond question, hence they must have represented some value to the possessor. It would appear reasonable to conclude that they were used by the Ancient Britons as tallies, or money. The turning lathe of the enlightened Roman was an instrument unknown in Britain, and these waste discs, bearing the tool marks of the turner, would have been as impossible to counterfeit by the savage Briton as a minted coin. That they have been known from early times as coal money is well authenticated. As many as 600 have been found together in one place, but always protected by covering stones, or pottery. In size varying from 1½ in. to 2½ in. in diameter, and about ½ in. in thickness, with holes to secure them to the mandril of the lathe, they are all strikingly similar in appearance.—ARTHUR D. MOULLIN.

## A CHANGE IN THE LANDSCAPE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I must compliment you on the possession of a delightfully imaginative paragraph composer. To write that "on very many of the Argyllshire hills the bracken is gaining on the heather and grass to a degree that quite changes the look of the landscape" may be poetic fancy, but like many other poetic fancies is diametrically opposed to hard fact. Perhaps your friend will give one instance out of the "very many." That bracken is increasing in some places, though not so much on the hills as in the glens, and especially where the land has at one time been under plough, is true; but the cause of the increase is the same cause that leads to the increase of thistles and other weeds, viz., the want of elbow-grease on the part of the farmer. The cattle theory is all nonsense. When does your friend suppose that sheep were substituted for cattle? If brackens are cut three or four times in May, June, and July for about four years, they gradually weaken and die down; but, as in the case of all weeds, they want to be attacked regularly. They are quite useless for every purpose except for sheltering a few early home-bred woodcock.—AN OLD OXONIAN, Argyllshire.

[The kindly critic pays too high a compliment to the prosaic writer of the paragraph in crediting him with "poetic fancy" in saying that the aspect of the landscape in parts of Argyllshire is changed by the increase of bracken on the hills. The increase is virtually admitted by the critic himself, and it is no "poetic fancy," but mere "hard fact," that this increase changes the aspect of Nature as the green, and later the russet, of the bracken gains. As to the cause of the increase, the theory that the very great decrease of the cattle is largely responsible may be, indeed, "all nonsense" to the critic, but it is a form of "nonsense" that is preferred as an explanation, perhaps naturally, by many of the local people to that which this critic suggests. With his other remarks as to the mode of killing bracken and its practical inutility there can be no dispute.—ED.]

## AN OLD PIGEON-HOUSE.

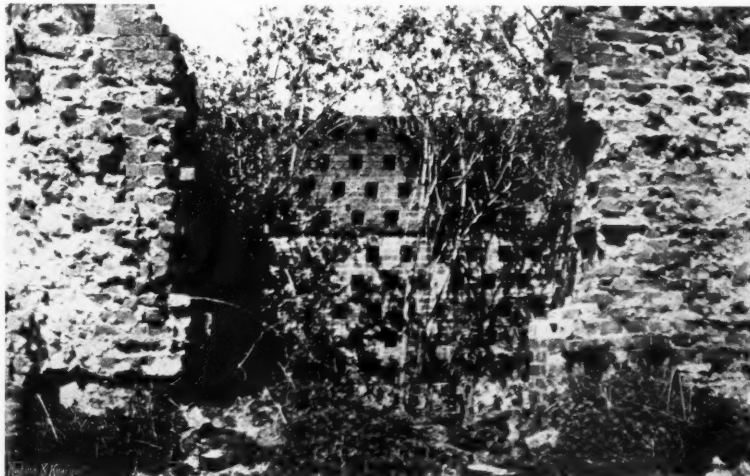
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I believe that pigeon-houses of the kind of which I send a photograph are rare. Perhaps you may care to insert the enclosed in your paper; it was taken near Charlton, Wiltshire.—B. ASHTON WARNER.

## AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Five-and-twenty years ago I commenced bee-keeping with a stock sent me by that first-rate apiarist, my friend Miss Gayton of Much Hadham. I hived it in one of Abbott's large combination hives in the garden of this house. For many years I was supposed to be the only bee-master in this parish. I was too busy to attend to them with much care, and my hive became dirty, and on all sides I was advised to treat my old stock to a new



hive. This I did in the spring of 1903. They lived happily through that summer and winter, but early last summer they dwindled and failed. On inspection I found the hive absolutely empty, no bees living or dead. I was about to write and obtain a fresh swarm, when yesterday (fitting anniversary—it was Restoration Day!) I found my hive inhabited by a busy colony! What has happened? Did my old stock desert their hive, find a new resting-place, and send forth a colony who took possession of the forsaken home, or what has happened? I do not know of any hive in the neighbourhood.—JOHN WILLIAM HAWKINS, Kensington.

#### BROWN-PAPER DRYING SHED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you may consider the accompanying photograph of sufficient interest to record in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. I was reminded of the subject by the windmills in last week's paper. The buildings are two out of four or five in Mounton Valley, near Chepstow, and were built and used for the purpose of brown-paper drying, a process now out of date.—F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.



#### YOUNG THRUSHES IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in bird-life, and, as a constant reader of your paper, wish to ask if it is a common occurrence for parent birds, if able to reach them, to poison their young in captivity. A case has recently come under my notice of a young thrush caught and placed in a cage outside the house in which I am staying. The bird fed well, and was apparently in the best of health, till found by one of the parent birds, which was shortly seen to give it something through the bars of the cage. In half-an-hour the captive was dead. Local opinion says the parent administers a poisonous herb, preferring to see its young one dead rather than a prisoner. I should be glad to know if this is the case.—E. G.

[We consider that the idea of a bird poisoning its young is absurd.—ED.]

#### ANTS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice so many correspondents writing to you on the above subject, complaining that their pets have run away, and speculating on the reason and the manner, that perhaps, as a keeper of ants before they became fashionable pets, I may be able to say a word or two of enlightenment. One correspondent writes that the ants ran away, and indicates some doubt of the reason of their dissatisfaction, also adding, though apparently without attaching the right significance to the observation, that the earth in the nest had grown very dry. The ants will not stay if the earth gets too dry. There are many ways of keeping it moist. I find the simplest to be to squirt in, with an ordinary ear-syringe, a teaspoonful or so of water when the earth begins to look dried up. This is easily seen by its assuming a light colour. It does not need to be all of a dark colour. If portions of it are darkened by the incoming water, it is enough. There need be no fear of drowning the ants; it requires very prolonged immersion to kill them, and even if they have been immersed so long as to seem quite dead, they will often recover and be none the worse. Then, as to the manner of escape. One correspondent says that "Gamage's Entomologist" said that the ants

which escaped were "yellow ants, not red." Probably they were the *Lasius flavus*, which is the kind generally sold. This is a very small kind of ant, and when the correspondent goes on to say that there was a gap through which an envelope could be passed at the window, the means of adequate egress is indicated at once, although the writer seems disposed to consider it insufficient. The writer is also disposed to question the ants' power to transport their cocoons up and down perpendicular surfaces for the space of some feet; but I can assure the writer that I have seen a small worker of *Lasius niger* carry one of the big green cocoons in its mandibles for a distance of 1½ ft. while it walked on the lower surface of a horizontal board, thus supporting, by the grip of its feet on the horizontal surface, not only its own weight, but also that of a body several times its own weight which it held in its jaws. Their power is marvellous. As for the departure of all the members of the nest at once, this is the regular way of ants' moving their quarters. A whole nest of my *Myrmica ruginodis*, which I had allowed to get too dry, decamped with all their cocoons, larvæ, etc., in a single night last summer, and must have travelled some 10 ft. at least to effect their disappearance. In summer ants must be fed every week or so with some moistened sugar or honey. A drop or two at a time is enough for a large nest.—HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### OUR BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your number for May 27th, on various birds, a subject that is always of very great interest to me, I notice your correspondent regretting the growing scarcity of house-martins. Now, I must tell you this year we have a very large number. As many as twenty-six rose together from the stable-yard one morning lately where the carriage had been washed. Also cuckoos this year are quite remarkable for their number, whereas last year both these birds were conspicuous by their absence here.—CHANDOS B. LU DAMER, Hereford.

#### KITTENS HATCHING OUT A CHICKEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We found to-day a chicken of about two days' growth lying between two kittens three weeks old. The hens lay about in our old stables, where there are seven cats, none of whom, though wild enough, ever touch a chicken, big or little. I conclude that the heat of the kittens hatched the little, brown, short-legged beggar, whom we have removed under a hen whose eggs are breaking. The orphan is a sturdy chap, and I have made a scissors-cut on its poll to continue the identification. The case seems uncommon.—J. C. COOPER.

#### CHANTRY CHAPEL, WAKEFIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have pleasure in sending to you a photograph which is perhaps of more than merely local interest. It is the original façade of the Chantry Chapel, erected, in all probability, during the reign of Edward III., which stands on the bridge crossing the river Calder at Wakefield. Because of the ravages that time had effected on the structure generally, this façade was removed in 1847 to the private grounds of Kettlethorpe Park, two and a-half miles south, and replaced by a new façade designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. The deteriorating atmospheric influences have, however, acted so prejudicially on the later erection that it is by now in perhaps a worse state of decay than the original one.—ALEX. G. PATERSON.

